FRANK MILLER ★ DAVE GIBBONS

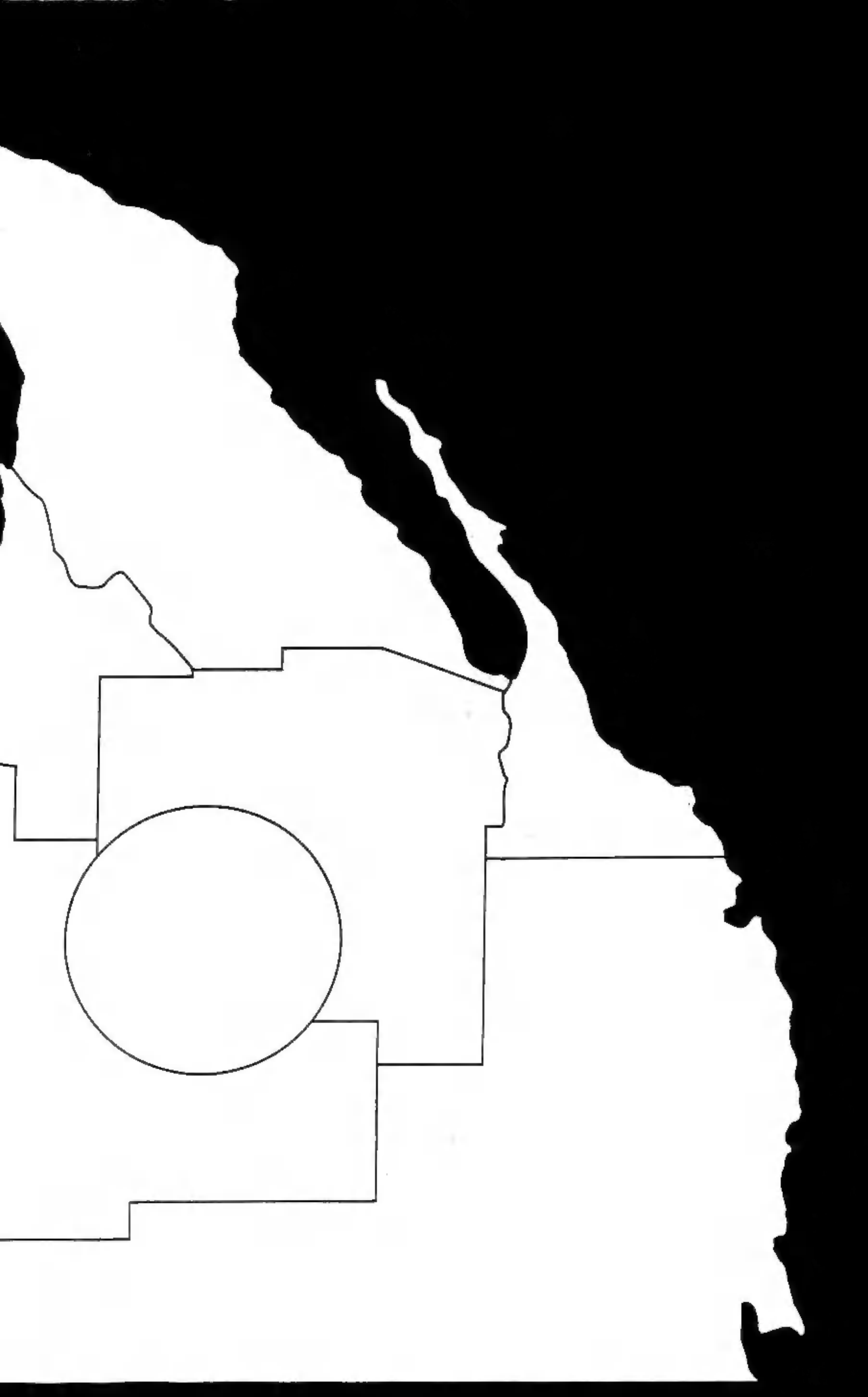
GIVE ME LIBERTY™



AN AMERICAN DREAM ★

I KNOW NOT WHAT COURSE OTHERS MAY TAKE BUT-AS FOR ME- GIVE ME LIBERTY OR GIVE ME DEATH

PATRICK HENRY (1775)







1: HOMES & GARDENS

FRANK MILLER ★ DAVE GIBBONS

GIVE ME LIBERTY™



The authors gratefully acknowledge Robin Smith for coloring the illustrations.

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Published by Dark Horse Comics
10956 SE Main Street
Milwaukie, OR 97222

Second trade paperback edition: December 1994
ISBN: 1-56971-067-8

First hardcover limited edition: January 1995
ISBN: 1-56971-045-7

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2 4 6 8 10 9 7 5 3 1
Printed in Canada

1995

IT WAS MARCH 11. SAME DAY THE **INTELLIGENCE BANKS** WERE **CENTRALIZED**.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT THAT **MEANS**, BUT IT'S THE ONLY THING **SPECIAL** ABOUT MY **BIRTHDAY**.

CUT ME SONF**BITCH** **KILL** HIM

INF RMAR

GOD OH

THOUGHT WE'D **NEVER** GET HOME TONIGHT ...

GLG HK

HK

WAA

THERE YOU ARE...

MOM SAYS I WAS BORN IN A NICE HOSPITAL, IN A NICE PART OF TOWN. NOT IN THE **GREEN**, SHE SAYS.

SHE SAYS EVERY-BODY SAID I WAS BEAUTIFUL.

MY HUSBAND **JOHN** -- HE'S OUT IN THE **HALL**.

GOT MY **OWN** LIFE...

WAAA

HK

WAA

RIGHT. BE RIGHT THERE.

HK HGMM

RIGHT **OUTSIDE**. RIGHT IN THE **HALL**. TELL HIM HE'S GOT A **DAUGHTER** ...

MOM SAYS I WAS BORN BEFORE THE **PRESIDENT** GOT ELECTED.

THE **FIRST** TIME HE WAS EVER ELECTED.

ONE WHOLE **YEAR** BEFORE.

1996

THAT'S WHAT **MOM** SAYS.

FAR AS I KNOW HE'S **ALWAYS** BEEN PRESIDENT.

YES

YES

YES

YES!

NO

KREK

BASTARD--

POLICE

YEAR LATER, THAT WAS THE YEAR MY *FATHER* DIED.

YEAR THE *PRESIDENT* WAS ELECTED.

FOR THE *FIRST* TIME.

HHNGG

DAD DIED IN A *PROTEST* AGAINST THE *GREEN*.

DAD SAID THE GREEN'S A *PRISON* FOR PEOPLE WHO HAVEN'T DONE ANYTHING *WRONG*.

THEY CALL IT *SOCIAL WELFARE* BUT DAD CALLS IT A *PRISON*.

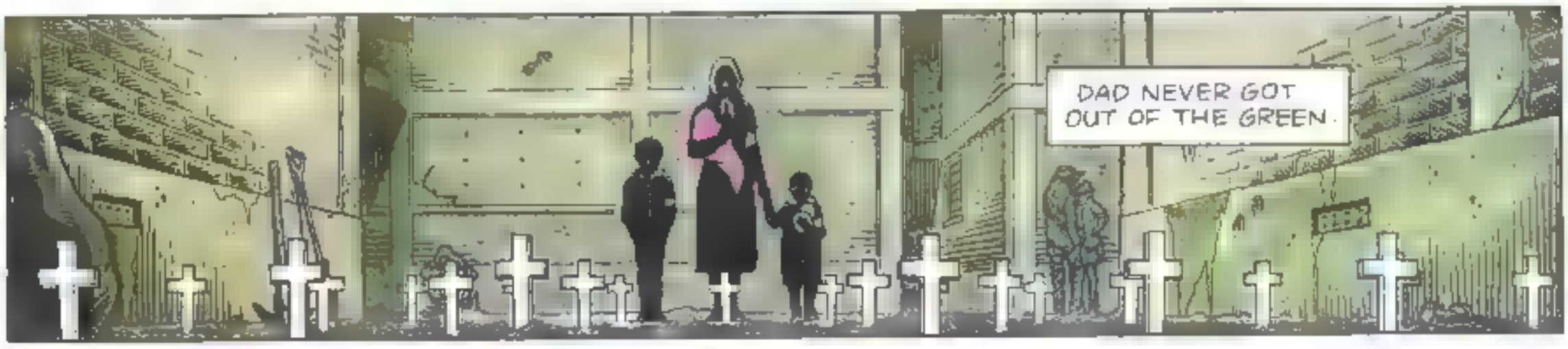
JOHN WASHINGTON

1955

1986

IT'S GOT *BARBED WIRE* LIKE A PRISON. AND THEY *SHOOT* YOU IF YOU TRY TO GET *OUT*.

NOBODY EVER GETS OUT. NOT EVEN WHEN THEY'RE DEAD.

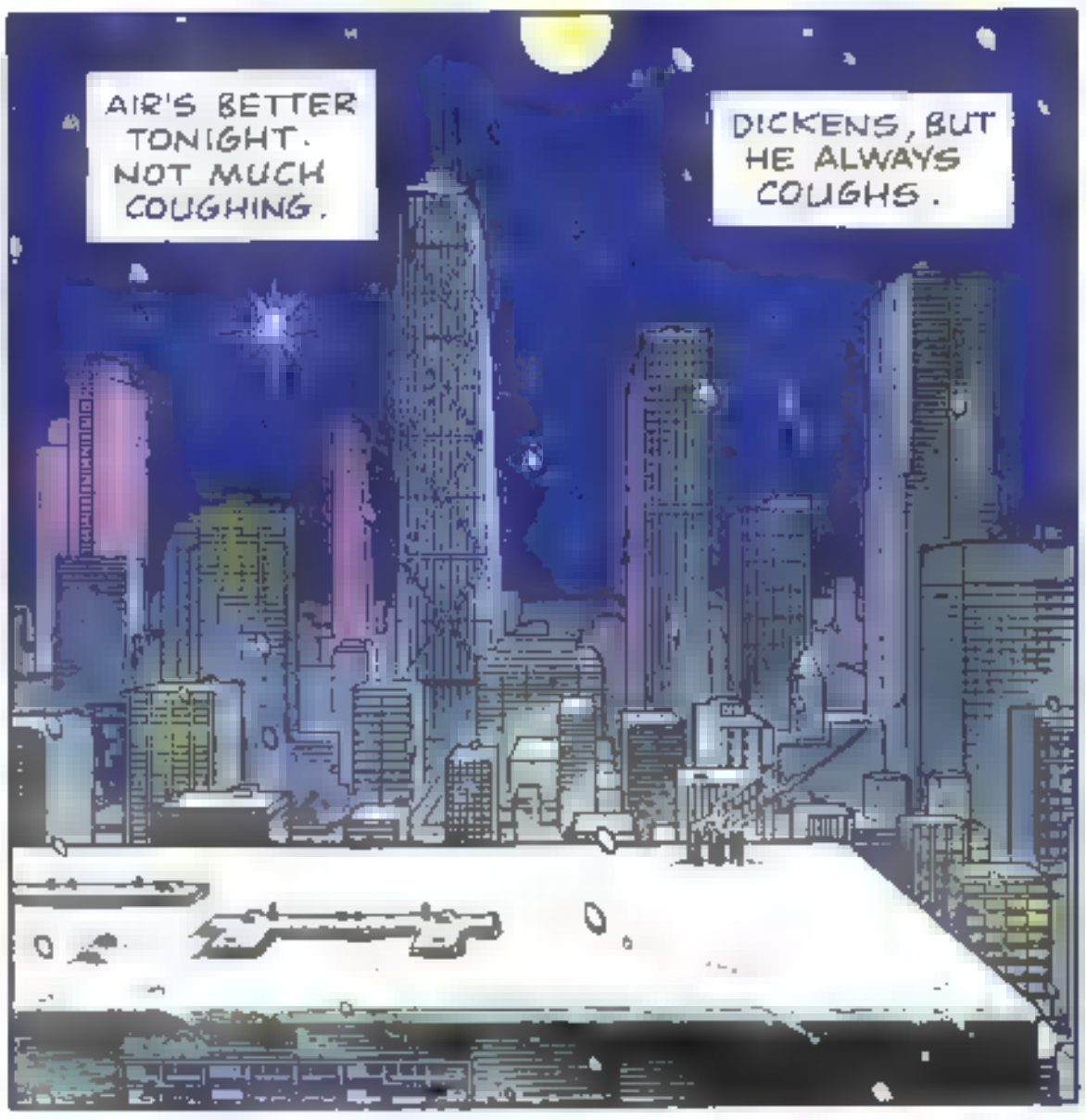

DAD NEVER GOT OUT OF THE GREEN.

2000


POLICE
POLICE
HELL YES

2001


I CAN'T SLEEP
IT'S NOT THE NOISE. THERE ISN'T MUCH NOISE TONIGHT.


AIR'S BETTER TONIGHT. NOT MUCH COUGHING.
DICKENS, BUT HE ALWAYS COUGHS.


WHUP
WHUP

WHUP

WHUP

WHUP

WHUP

WHUP

WHUP

WHUP

DICKENS, AND THE GROWNUPS

THE GROWNUPS ALWAYS COUGH.

BOWS -- IF THEY SEE I'M DOING THIS -- FOR CHRIST'S SAKE --

HE LOVES YOU -- CHRIST LOVES YOU -- HE DOES --

IF I LISTEN HARD, I CAN HEAR OLD BOWS BLUBBERING AND BLESSING SIMPSON FOR HIS CHRISTMAS SPIRIT, AND SIMPSON TRYING TO SHUT HER UP.

BE CHRISTMAS IN TWO DAYS.

SEE THE FAMILY. MOM AND THE FAMILY.

MOM'LL MAKE US WATCH THE PRESIDENT ON TV.

I DON'T LIKE THE PRESIDENT.

ESPECIALLY WHEN HE DRESSES UP LIKE SANTA.

YOU'RE RIGHT ON TIME... COME ON IN...

...JUST SMELL THAT TURKEY...

...LITTLE WOMAN'S BEEN AT IT ALL DAY...

...HAVE A SEAT...

...NICE, WARM FIRE ...GUESS WE'RE ALL A LITTLE WARMER THIS CHRISTMAS, YES WE ARE...

JUST A FEW YEARS BACK FOLKS WERE SAYING THINGS'D **NEVER** GET BETTER ...AND JUST LOOK AT WHERE WE ARE **NOW**...

... HEH...JUST LIKE I **PROMISED**...

NOBODY'S **HUNGRY**. EVERYBODY'S GOT A **JOB**.

AND EVERY-BODY'S GOT A **TURKEY** THIS CHRISTMAS...

...I MADE **SURE** OF IT, YES I DID. YOUR LITTLE **CHRISTMAS** GIFT FROM ME...

PRESIDENT'S DONE TALKING, JOHN. TURN IT OFF.

YEFFMM

DON'T TALK WITH YOUR MOUTH FULL, JOHN.

MARTHA, YOU'VE BARELY **TOUCHED** YOUR DINNER. NOW YOU KNOW THAT TURKEY'S JUST AS GOOD AS IF I'D COOKED IT MYSELF...

GLPP YES, MOM.

YES, MOM. YOU CAN SIT **DOWN** NOW, MOM.

2002

THERE'S NO **STREETS** IN THE GREEN.

NO **CARS** SO NO **STREETS**.

JUST SIDEWALKS AND SIDEWALKS AND THE **TUBE** IF YOU'RE TOO **OLD** TO **WALK** OR IF YOU'RE **CRAZY** ENOUGH TO TAKE THE **TUBE**.

SHIT

GOD LOVES

GOD LOVES

ON MY WAY TO **SCHOOL** AND **THUNDERBALLS** SEES ME **ALONE**.

DRESSED LIKE A **BOY** LIKE ALWAYS.

CRAZY TO DRESS LIKE A GIRL.

GOD LOVES

DRESS LIKE A **BOY** BUT I GUESS IT DOESN'T FOOL **THUNDERBALLS**.

GIVE ME ANY **SHIT** I FUCKING **KILL** YOU.

I DON'T GIVE HIM ANY SHIT.

THUNDERBALLS TAKES ME TO THE GYMNASIUM AND ON THE WAY I ALMOST THROW UP.

TAKES ME RIGHT PAST THE *ICE MAN*. RIGHT PAST HIM AND I SWEAR THE ICE MAN LOOKS RIGHT AT ME FOR A SECOND.

THE *POPE* PULLS MY *PANTS* DOWN AND STARTS YELLING AT THUNDERBALLS.

SHOULD'VE FUCKING *KNOWN* YOU'D FUCK ME *UP* TEE-BALLS YOU FUCKING *IDIOT*--

NFF

--BUT YOU *DIDN'T* FUCKING FUCK ME UP-- *NO* MOTHERFUCKER FUCKS THE FUCKING *POPE* UP--

CHINKK

LOOKED BUTCH, MAN-- SHE *LOOKED* LIKE A *BOY*, MAN--

YOU STILL HERE?

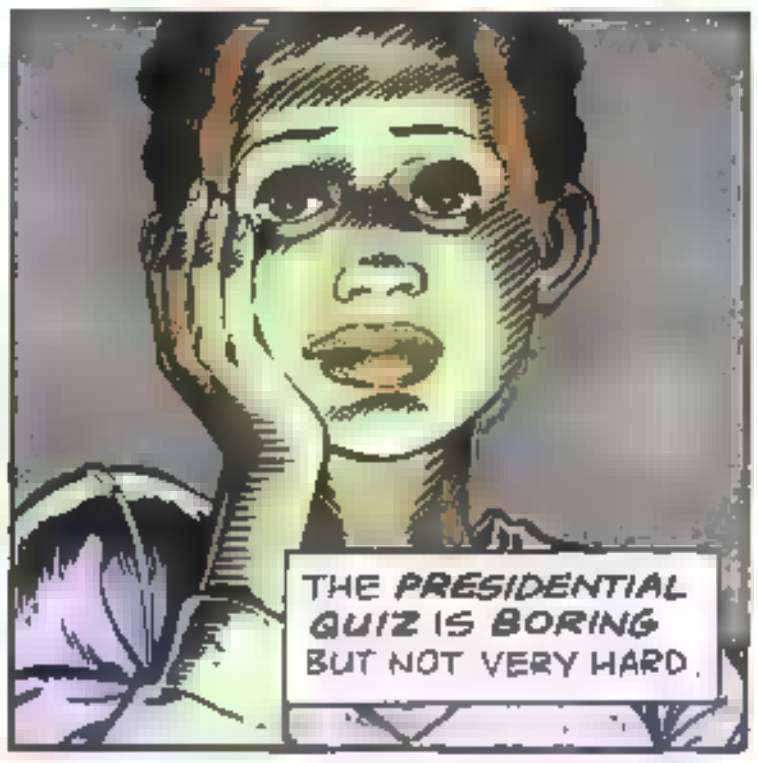
NEVER SAW THUNDERBALLS AGAIN AFTER THAT.

2007

QUESTION #23

Which President repealed the 22nd Amendment to the Constitution?

[A]
President Rexall
[B]
President Hoover
[C]
President Jefferson





Correct!

President REXALL repealed the 22nd Amendment to the Constitution. That's why he's been President three times and can run again next year!

QUESTION #24

Which President started the United States Peace Force?

[A]
President Carter
[B]
President Madison
[C]
President Rexall



Correct!

President REXALL formed the United States Peace Force in 2005.

JUST ALWAYS ANSWER *REXALL* AND MOST TIMES YOU'LL GET AT LEAST A *B*.

QUESTION #25

Which President freed the slaves?

[A]
President Lincoln
[B]
President Rexall
[C]
President Coolidge



Incorrect.

President LINCOLN freed the slaves.

TEST COMPLETED

Your Final Grade:

C+

DOESN'T *ALWAYS* GET YOU A *B*.



Correct!

President LINCOLN freed the slaves.

TEST COMPLETED

Your Final Grade.

A+

THAT'S NOT EXACTLY *FAIR*, IS IT, WASHINGTON?

NO, SIR.

TWELVE YEARS OLD AND YOU SNEAK INTO ***COMMAND*** MODE. DAMN.

DONE A YEAR AND A HALF OF ***COMPUTER STUDIES*** BEFORE I LEARNED ***THAT*** TRICK...

P·A·X WORLD

BET YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW WHICH PRESIDENT CROSSED THE ***DELAWARE***, DO YOU, WASHINGTON?

REXALL?

CAN'T WATCH TV FOR ***TEN MINUTES*** WITHOUT SEEING THAT ***COMMERCIAL*** ALWAYS REMINDS ME HOW MOM ***HATES*** IT...

CAN'T YOU ***FEEL*** IT?

THERE'S A NEW ***SPIRIT*** SWEEPING THROUGH AMERICA...A NEW ***HOPE***..

P·A·X

..AND NEW ***OPPOR-TUNITIES*** -- FOR ***EVERY*** AMERICAN

WANT A ***GOOD*** JOB? ***FREE*** COLLEGE EDUCATION?

ADVENTURE IN EXOTIC LANDS?

AND PLENTY OF EXCITEMENT RIGHT HERE AT **HOME**?

JOIN THE **TEAM**. JOIN **PAX**, THE **PEACE FORCE**--FOR **AMERICA**--AND FOR **YOU**.

YOU'LL NEVER NEED ANOTHER JOB.

...**HATES** THE **PEACE FORCE** BECAUSE MY BROTHER **KEN** SIGNED UP WITH THEM AND NEVER CAME **HOME**. MIGHT BE **DEAD**.

P·A·X

DAMN...

LEAST HE GOT **OUT**...

...THAT'S WHAT'S SO WEIRD ABOUT **DONALD**. HOW HE GOT **IN**.

HE **VOLUNTEERED**.

DONALD'S REAL NICE. HE'S A **TEACHER** FROM **OUTSIDE** AND HE SHOWS ME HOW TO USE THE **COMPUTERS** BETTER.

NOBODY **FORCED** HIM INTO THE **GREEN**. HE **VOLUNTEERED**. HE DOESN'T **ACT** CRAZY, BUT HE **VOLUNTEERED**.

OH, THIS--ON MY WAY **OUT** LAST NIGHT AND ONE OF THE GUARDS AT THE **GATE** HITS ME UP FOR **MONEY**.

I TOLD HIM WHERE TO GO, AND, WELL... DON'T WORRY. I REPORTED HIM.

YOU OUGHT TO GET OUT OF THE GREEN, DONALD. YOU **CAN** SO YOU **OUGHT** TO.

AND WHERE WOULD THAT LEAVE MY FAVORITE **STUDENT**?

HE BRINGS **SANDWICHES** FROM **OUTSIDE**.

THEY TASTE **GREAT**.

2008

WHEN IT *SLEETS* THE *METAL* ON THE *ROOF* SOUNDS LIKE ABOUT A *MILLION* STEEL DRUMS AND GIVES EVERYBODY A *HEADACHE*.

THEN IT *MELTS*.

WITH THE *HELICOPTERS* ALWAYS AROUND, THEY'RE NOT WORRIED ABOUT THE *ROOF* SO NOBODY'S FIXED THE *SEAMS* SINCE BEFORE I WAS *BORN*.

JUST TRY STAYING DRY ON THE SIDEWALKS.

OR ANYWHERE ELSE.

NONE OF THE ROOFS ARE ANY GOOD ANYWHERE.

NONE OF THEM.

DONALD

NEVER KNEW DONALD HAD A SWITCHBLADE.

NFF

DONALD

HNH ?

THNKK

HGGN

SKRNCHH

KLIK
KIK
KLIK

KIK
KIK

HNFF

KIK
KIK
KLIK
KIK

HREGG

HURGG

KRNKK

KREEKLNK

HRENH

HHREHHHH

HK

HKKKK

WHEN THEY FIND ME IN THE **LOCKER** I CAN'T **TALK**. AT LEAST...

... NOT RIGHT AWAY--

EGGS

STRAIGHT UP EGGS

GOD DAMN IT-- HOLD HER STILL FOR CHRIST'S SAKE--

--AND BY THE TIME I CAN TALK AND I CAN STOP MY LEGS AND ARMS FROM TWITCHING AND I CAN-- I CAN STOP IT--

--ALL BY MYSELF--

--BY THE TIME I'M ALL RIGHT--

--BY THEN I HEAR THEM TALKING ABOUT TAKING ME AWAY---

--AWAY-- TO A STATE FACILITY

--OUT OF THE GREEN--

--OUT OF THE GREEN --IT BREAKS MOM'S HEART TO SEE ME ACTING LIKE I'M STUPID AND CRAZY -- BUT THERE'S NO WAY TO TELL HER--

--NO WAY TO TELL HER--

--NO WAY TO TELL HER--

--NO WAY--

--WAY TO --

--WWYYTT...

WAY OUT OF THE GREEN

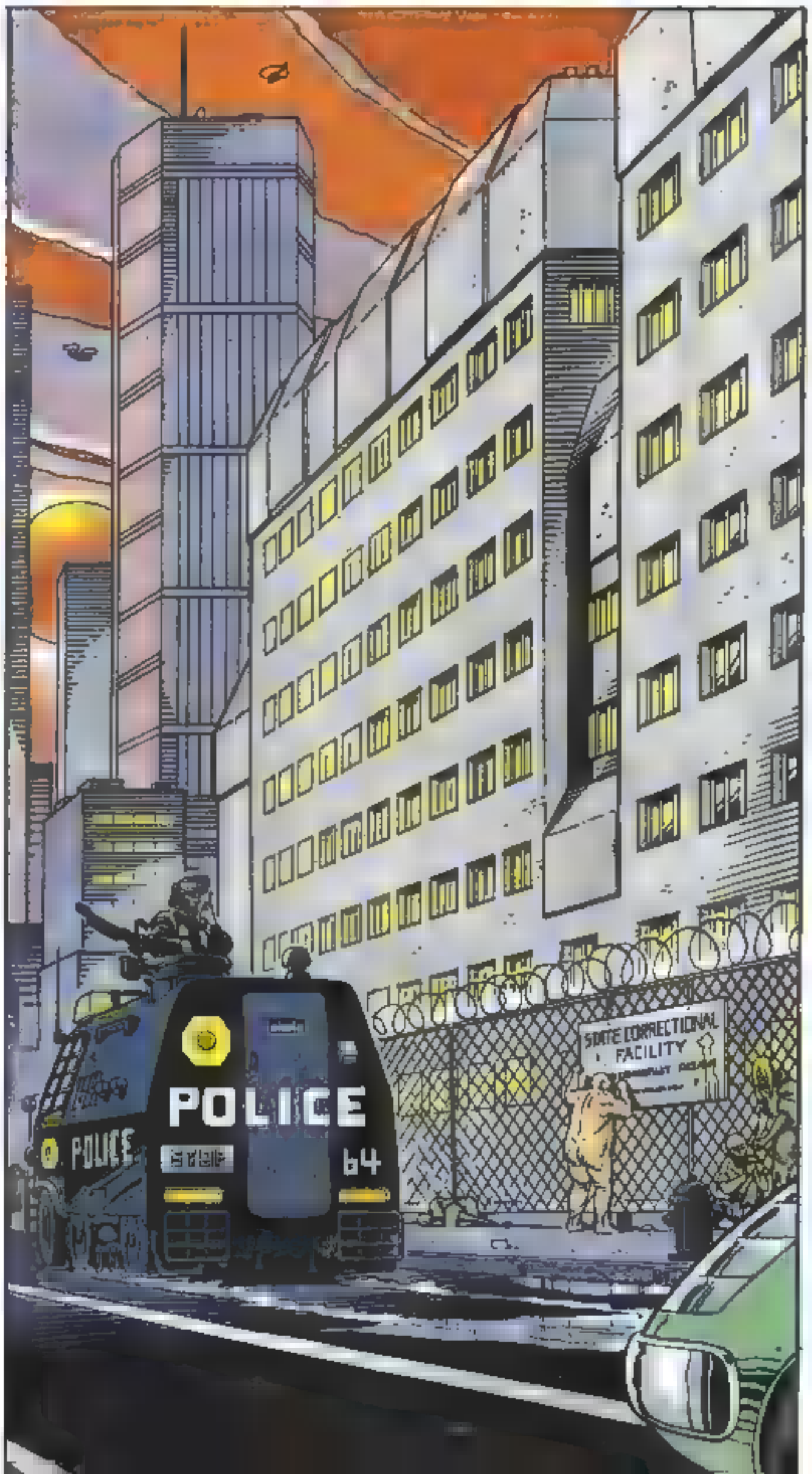
WHATEVER THEY FEED ME, I'LL GET

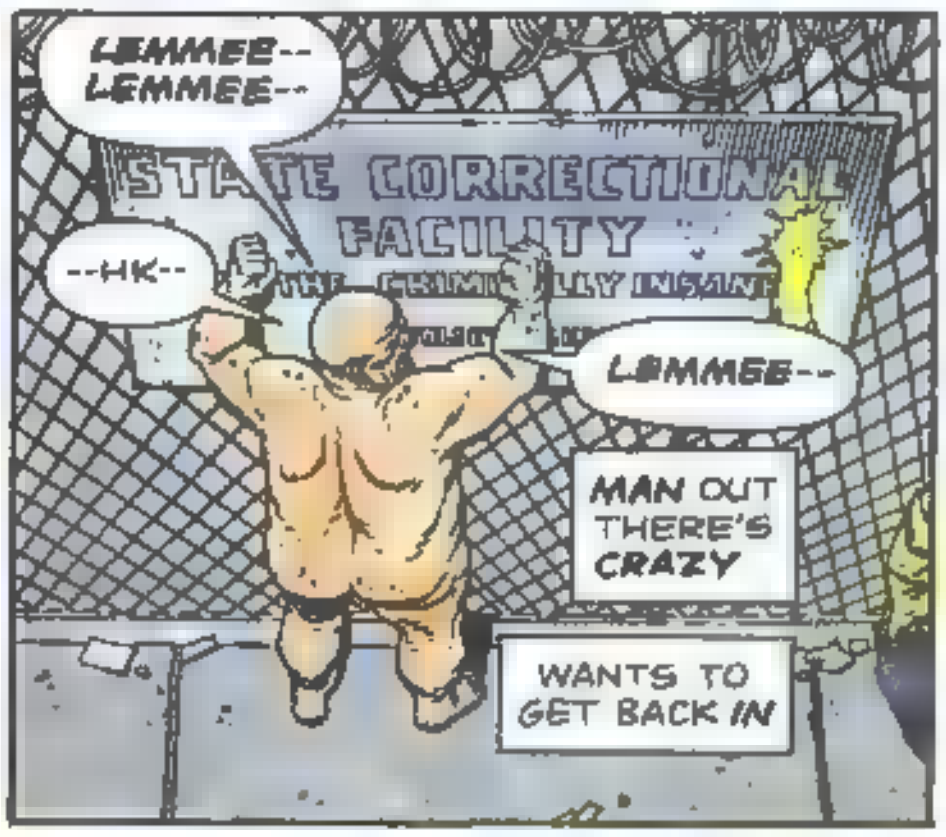
OUT

I'LL GET OUT

2009




POLICE
POLICE
STOP
64
STATE CORRECTIONAL FACILITY


LEMMEE--
LEMMEE--
STATE CORRECTIONAL FACILITY
--HK--
LEMMEE--
MAN OUT THERE'S CRAZY
WANTS TO GET BACK IN

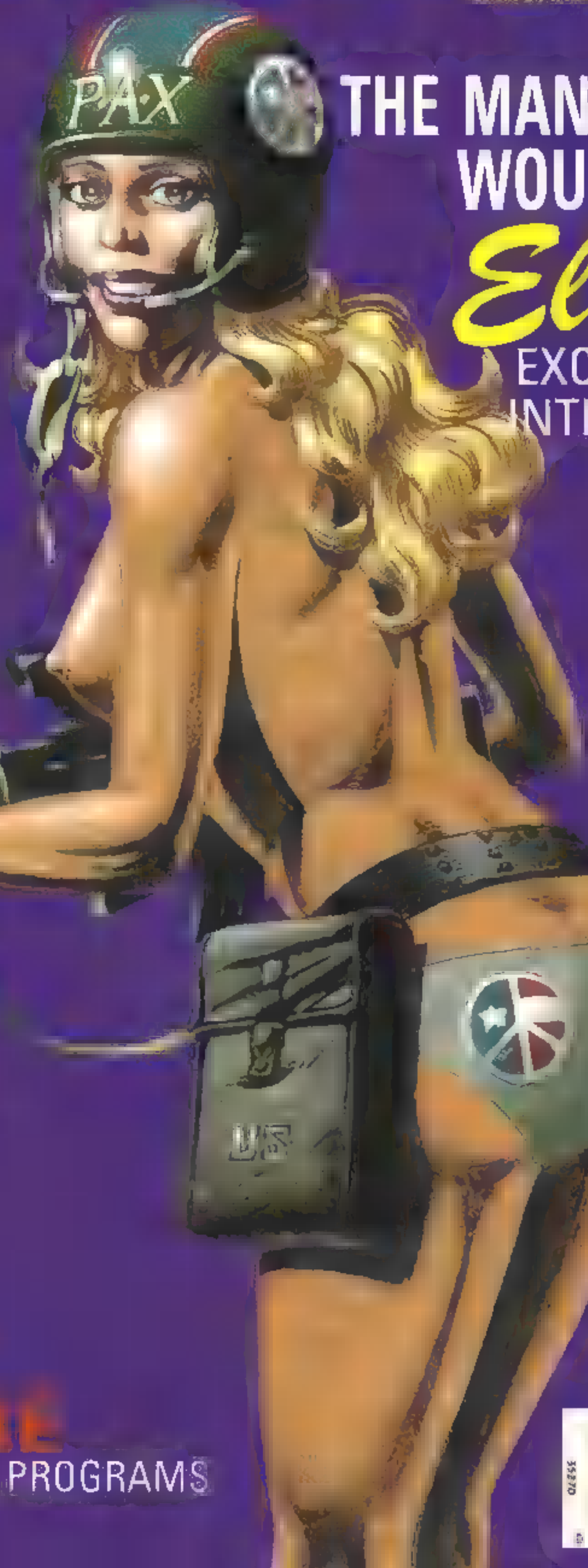

BACK UNDER WATER
NO AIR HERE JUST WATER BUT YOU CAN
CAN BREATHE IT ANYWAY


MOSTLY SIT BY MYSELF AND IGNORE THE CURRENTS

DEADLINES
OVERTIME
BETTER FOOD
BUT SOMETIMES I FORGET OR THINK ABOUT SOMETHING BESIDES SITTING
QUIET
SORRY MONA I'M SORRY
AND MORE OF IT
SICK PAY
SO I DRIFT
HHMMNNGG
EVERYBODY TALKS
TOO MUCH
CAN'T FEEL MY TOES
BUT NOBODY'S TALKING RIGHT NOW
Z
ZZZ SNUKK
RESTRICTED
DO NOT ENTER
RESTRICTED
DO NOT ENTER
DON'T STEAL THINGS
EXPERIMENTAL WING
MAGAZINE
TRY TO READ IT--
JUST BORROWING IT
NOT SUPPOSED TO BE HERE
EXPERIMENTAL WING
NOT SUPPOSED TO BE HERE

MEATRACK

JANUARY 2009 ♠ $12.95



GIRLS OF THE PEACE FORCE

WHAT WE'RE FIGHTING FOR

THE MAN WHO WOULD BE *Elvis*

EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW

PEPPER REXALL'S WAR ON PORN

TECH SOFTWARE

THIS YEAR'S HOTTEST PROGRAMS

TRY TO READ IT

EXPERIMENTAL WING

DO NOT ENTER

-- BUT IT'S SILLY

RESTRICTED

MUSIC

NOT SUPPOSED TO BE HERE

MUSIC THIS WAY

SILLY TOO

DO NOT

SILLY MUSIC

PRETTY LIGHTS

PRETTY

RAGGEDY ANN

NOT RAGGEDY ANN

NO

RAGGEDY ANN DEAD

HER SISTERS

RIGHT HERE

PLUGGED IN

RIGHT NOW

LUMPY BUT PRETTY

SHE CAN HEAR ME

SHE LIKES ME

I'M NOT SAYING ANYTHING BUT SHE CAN HEAR ME

SHE CAN HEAR ME THINK

JESUS CHRIST--

--MEKKELSON I'LL HAVE YOUR ASS FOR THIS...

GOD DAMN IT

SHE CAN HEAR ME THINK

THEY'RE MEAN

BUT THE MEANEST

PRETTY

IS WHEN THEY THROW ME OUT

SDI Disaster

It was aimed at Libya — but the laser cannon struck the oil-rich desert of Saudi Arabia. In the greatest environmental disaster of the century, the desert is ablaze. The sky is black over the Middle East — and our closest ally may now be America's deadliest enemy.
International: Page 34



Ally turned enemy: King Xassad



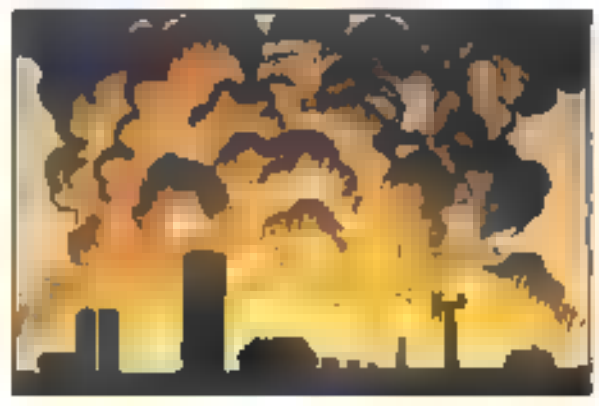
A skyrocketing deficit and plummeting stock market raise new doubts about Rexonomics

Are The Good Times Over?

The Wall Street panic continues. Experts talk of a collapse of the world economy — and blame the economic policies of a presidency already plagued by growing civil unrest and condemnation by the United Nations. Is Rexall's reign finished? How bad will it get? Will we recover? **National Affairs: Page 18**

Death Clouds

The flames are a quarter mile high, a blazing field the size of Connecticut. But environmentalists warn that the real danger lies in the jet black smoke — predicting death in the many thousands worldwide as massive lethal clouds circle the earth.
Environment: Page 53



This smoke will bring death to thousands, experts say

Apache Warlord



On the Warpath

Two years ago his people suffered from unspeakable poverty and an 89% alcoholism rate. The youthful, charismatic Chief Redfeather has galvanised Apache cultural pride. But can he fulfill his promise to make the Apache Nation economically self-sufficient? **Nation: Page 20**



Left behind: America's mentally ill

Out in the Cold

Economic belt tightening is roughest on those who can't vote — an estimated 200,000 patients have been kicked out of U.S. mental institutions following recent budget cuts. How will they survive? THISWEEK looks at the most pathetic victims of hard times. **Lifestyle: Page 87**

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Cover: *Illustration by Ron Cull — THISWEEK*

BHAKK

BAKKHHNN

WHY WON'T

WHY'D THEY

WHY CAN'T I

E CORRECTIO

FACILITY

E CRIMINALLY

BHHAKK

BACK IN

WHY CAN'T I GET

CAN'T STAND IT

PLEASE

CAN'T STAND IT

JUST WANT TO DIE

JUST WANT TO DIE

TWO MORE--OUR QUOTA'S MADE. I'LL TAKE THE GIRL...

DON'T GET SLOPPY WITH THE WOMAN--THERE'S PEOPLE WATCHING.

GOD-- GOD-- GOD--

RIGHT, I KNOW

LOOK, IT'S ALL I CAN SPARE...

KEEP ME ALIVE, MAN. THANKS.

HERE TO HELP...

HAND OFF ME.

PFFT

GOGGGGHHKK

SETTLE DOWN... IT'S JUST A TRANQUILIZER ...

SON OF A BITCH...

THE WHITE SUITS...

YAAAAA

--SON OF A BITCH --

OH CHRIST

WHAT...?

OH, NO. OH JESUS...

--THEY JUST KILL

BITCH I'LL KILL YOU--

--BUT THEY JUST KILL--

--THE WHITE SUITS--THEY ACT LIKE THEY'LL HELP YOU --

BITCH-- ALMOST TORE MY BALLS OFF --KILL YOU--

CHRIST DON'T LET HER --NFP

NO YOU BASTARDS --FUCKING MURDERERS --

WHAT'S...?

WHFFN

HHNFF?

YOU'LL GET YOUR SHOT, YOU CRAZY BITCH--

SKREKK

--COME AND GET--

--GGLAAGGHH

INSIDE THE SUIT--THERE'S A MAN --

INSIDE-- THERE'S A FACE --

HHNGAAAHH

HK--

HK--

HK--

HK--

HK--

CREDIT CARDS-- A BANK CARD-- THE KIND YOU USE IN THOSE MACHINES ON THE STREET--

--THOSE COMPUTERS ON THE STREET THAT ANYBODY CAN GET INTO--IF THEY'VE GOT A CARD--

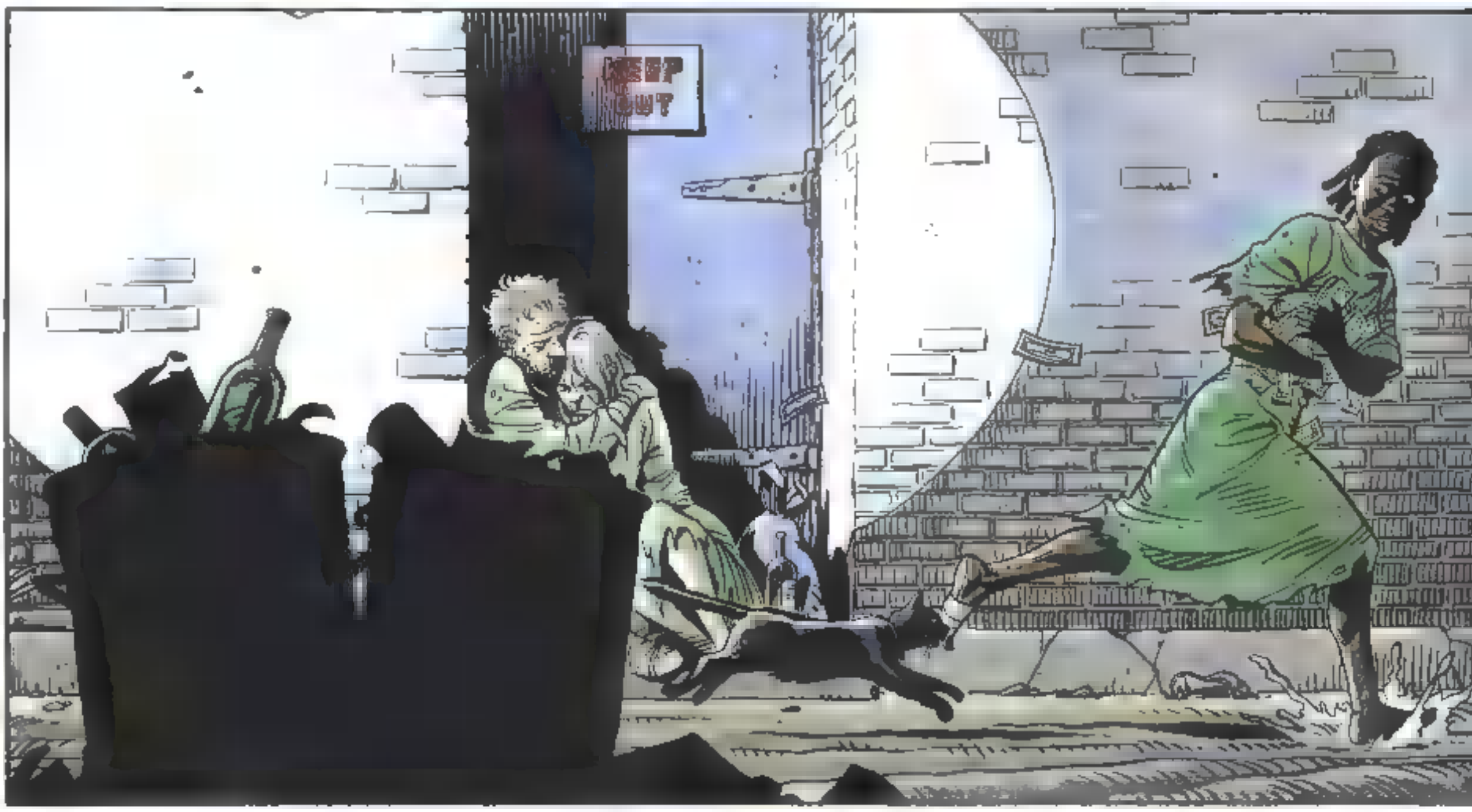
YOUR BALANCE

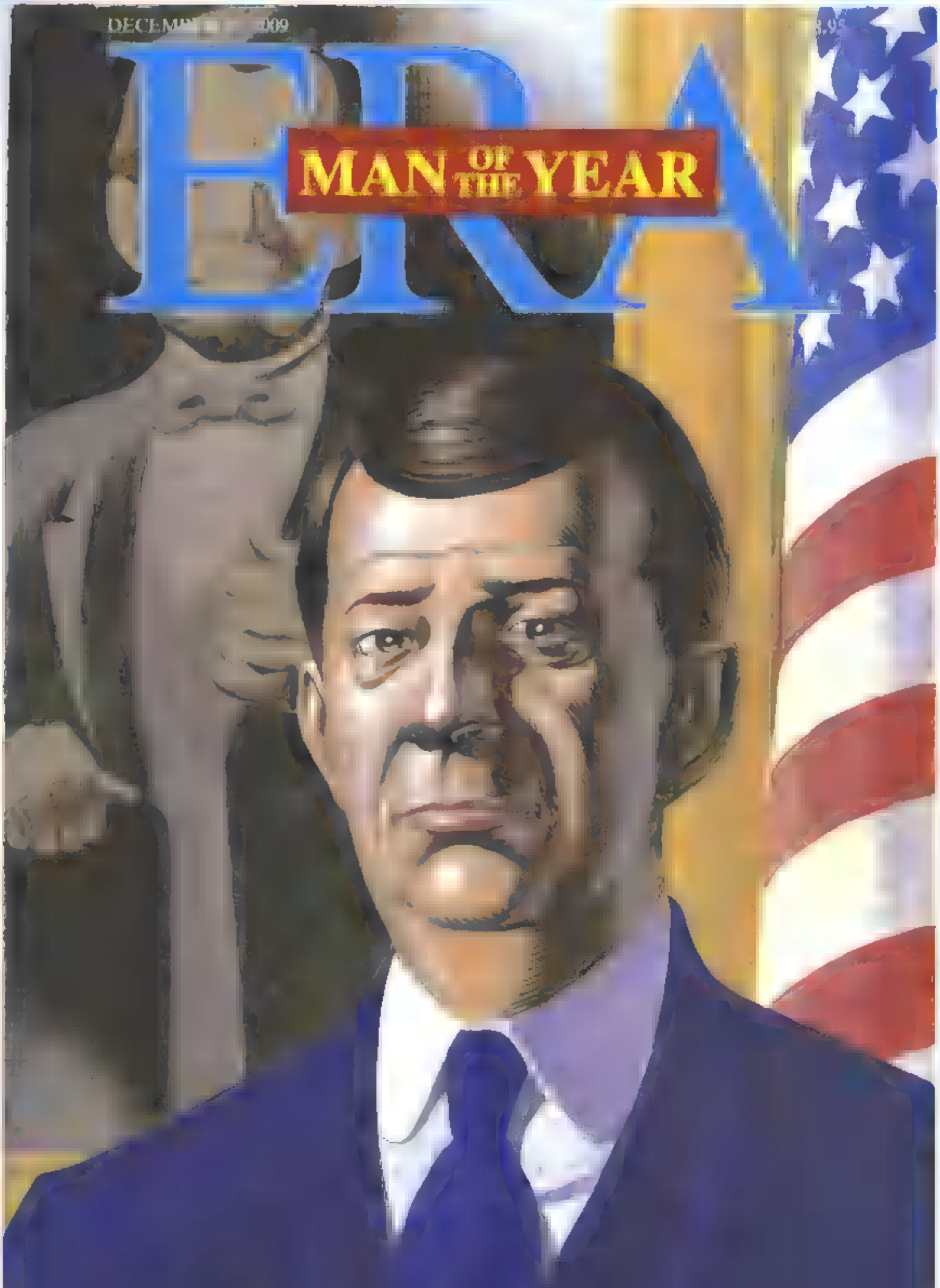
TAK TAK TAK TAK TAK TAK

YOUR BALANCE

KCHAK KCHAK KCHAK KCHAK


BANK
POLIC
2
BANK


KEEP
OUT


MAN OF THE YEAR
Howard Johnson Nissen
President of the United States

MAN OF THE YEAR

HOW

History's Unlikeliest President Saves the Soul of America



May 1, 2009 — Saudi Arabian firebomb reduces the White House to a blazing shell, incapacitating President Rexall and incinerating Vice President Cargo, Attorney General Sphincter, and every member of the scandal-plagued Rexall Cabinet. Every member but one.

Acting Secretary of Agriculture Howard Johnson Nissen, home in bed with a hundred and two degree fever, rose from his bed and reached for the ringing telephone — and found himself holding the highest office in the land.

A liberal democrat only momentarily boosted into the Cabinet position by the death two weeks earlier of Secretary Placebo, Nissen had fully expected the call would end his career. It was no secret that Rexall was displeased with his militant envir[illegible]n

[illegible]dished in a coma from which he has yet to recover, the first new chief executive in thirteen years wasted no time reviving America's





SWORDS INTO PLOWSHARES

Nissen ends months of terror at home and abroad, making peace with the Apache Nation [right], negotiating the Swords into Plowshares Disarmament Treaty with Soviet Premier Jackoff [above], and commits America to the reclamation of the Amazon Rain Forest [far right].

commitment to human rights, international peace, and environmental survival.

Even his closest friends and colleagues were stunned by the soft-spoken, mild mannered "How" Nissen. His first day in office — May 6th — began at 6:05 a.m., with an executive order pulling all Peace Force troops from poisoned No Man's Lands in Central America, Cuba, Israel, Pakistan, and Indochina, thereby ending over a decade of costly wars and paving the way for America's readmittance to the United Nations.

Those who thought they knew him learned quickly to expect the unexpected. The 150,000 PAX troops pulled from every war-torn corner of the world were not left idle. Nissen dispatched them to Brazil, to seize and surround the dying remains of the great Amazon Rain Forest, forcing U.S. hamburger corporations to cease their destruction of the world's greatest and most precious source of oxygen. The newly-fitted and expanded Environmental Protection Agency followed the troops in, and, despite repeated military attacks by Brazilian nationals and Hamburger-sponsored terrorists, EPA experts have begun the process of reforestation.

It soon became clear to all that the new president had no intention of stripping his office of the enormous power it had accumulated under Rexall's reign. Within the week the tireless Nissen had brought cries for impeachment from the Rexall Republican Congress — and shouts of joy from liberals, environmentalists, feminists, and ethnic lead-





ers. Telegrams by the thousands have reached the rebuilt White House, cheering him on with each new bold initiative. A "silent majority" never envisioned by the far Right has, a mere six months after his inauguration, canonized Howard Nissen as the saviour of the soul of America.

By early June he authored and successfully negotiated the US-Soviet Swords Into Plowshares Disarmament Treaty, compelling both nations to point their enormous laser cannons at their own territories in fixed position that can only be changed by a unanimous vote of the United Nations. By July he ended months of strife at the Aragones Refinery in the Mexican Territory, signing a handwritten treaty that granted the Apache Nation the refinery and its surrounding land. With the help of lobby groups and enthusiastic letter campaigns by citizens groups, he is well on his way to forcing through Congress a wide range of social and educational programs unheard-of since before the Mexican War.

Should Erwin Rexall ever rise from his bed at Walter Reed, he will be confronted with an America that scarcely resembles that which he ruled like ■ king.

Howard Johnson Nissen was born in 1965 in Berkeley, California, the son of Wildflower and Primrose Nissen, to whom he refers lovingly as "hopeless hippies". An only child, he attended a variety of grade and high

ON THE RUN?

ON THE RUN?
JOIN P·A·X

P·A·X

NO QUESTIONS ASK
SIGN ON NOW FOR EXCITIN
AMAZON ACTION
CALL TOLL FREE 1-800-312-

THEY SAY IF YOU JOIN **PAX** THEY **CLEAR** YOUR **RECORD**.

YOU CAN'T GET **ARRESTED** OR **ANYTHING**.

MOM'S REALLY GOING TO BE PISSED OFF.

IT'S JUST LIKE THEY *PROMISED*.

THEY DON'T ASK ANY *QUESTIONS*.

THEY'RE TOO BUSY GIVING *ORDERS*.

Welcome to Brazil, Peace Officers. We're two minutes from the rain forest, heading into heavy shelling.

YOU'RE JUST A LITTLE GIRL--

YAA

SMALL FOR MY AGE, SQUID. HAND OFF MY LEG.

ORDER WAS TO JUMP, WASHINGTON --

CHUTE'S WORKING--IT'S WORKING --

--IT'S W--

NNFF

PAK PAK
PAK PAK
KPAK
KLK
KLAK
NNFF
TAK
TAK
TAK
GNAA
SPAK
SPAK
SPAK
SPAK
ROOM
WHFF

BRAKA BRAKA BRAK

LIEUTENANT MORETTI -- SIR --

-- PRIVATE WASHINGTON REPORTING FOR DUTY--

P·A·X

THEY'RE SAUCING THE MEN UP FRONT -- STAY LOW -- GET THESE TO THEM --

JUST A GIRL, SIR-- I'LL DO IT --

SPUK SPUK SPUK

OH GOD JESUS

JESUS

SPUK SPUK SPUK

P·A·X

OH GOD

CHRIST

JESUS CHRIST

MY FACE GOD

JESUS MY FACE

MY FACE

CHRIST JESUS

GOD

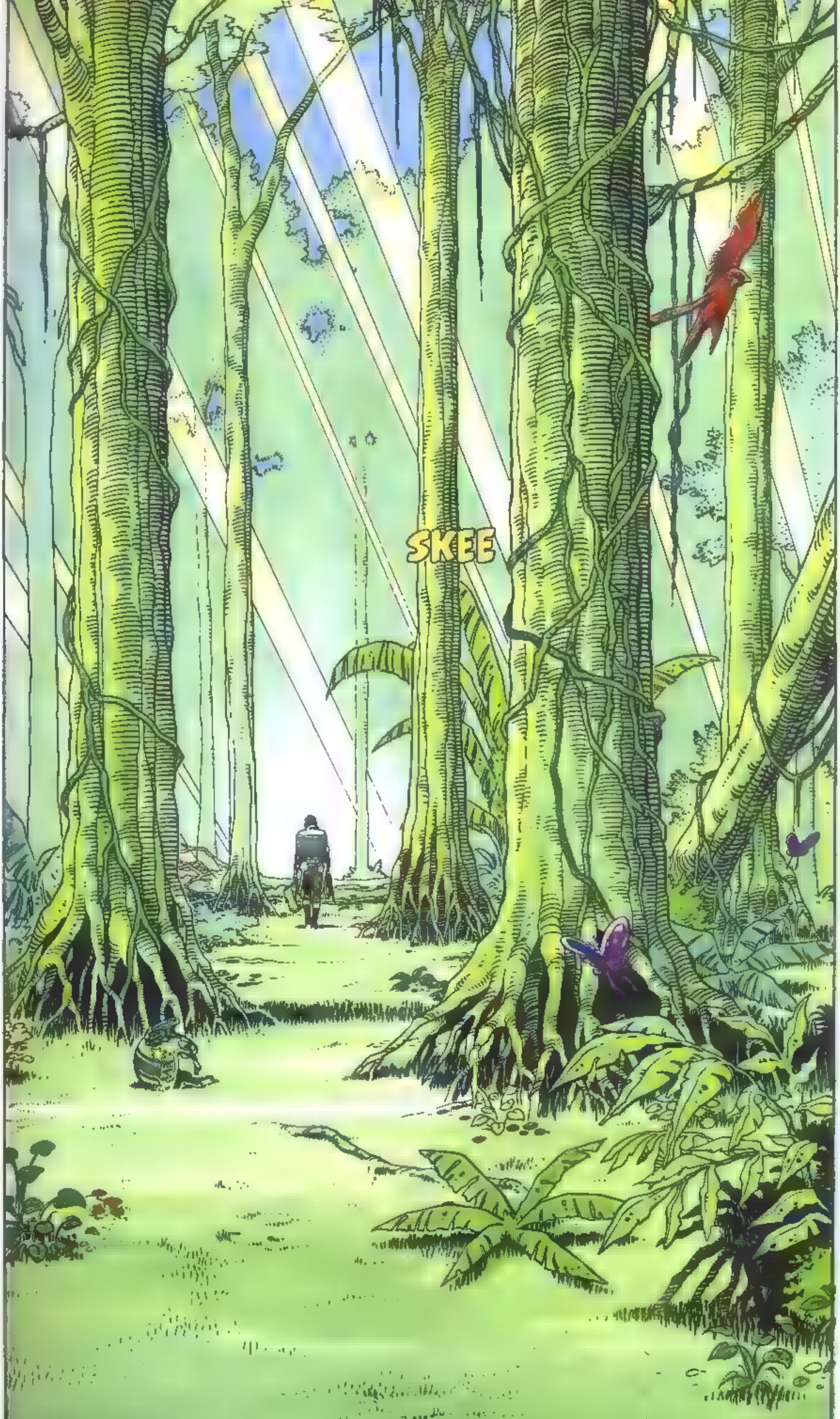
GOD

GOD

SPLTT

SKEE

SKEE


SKEE

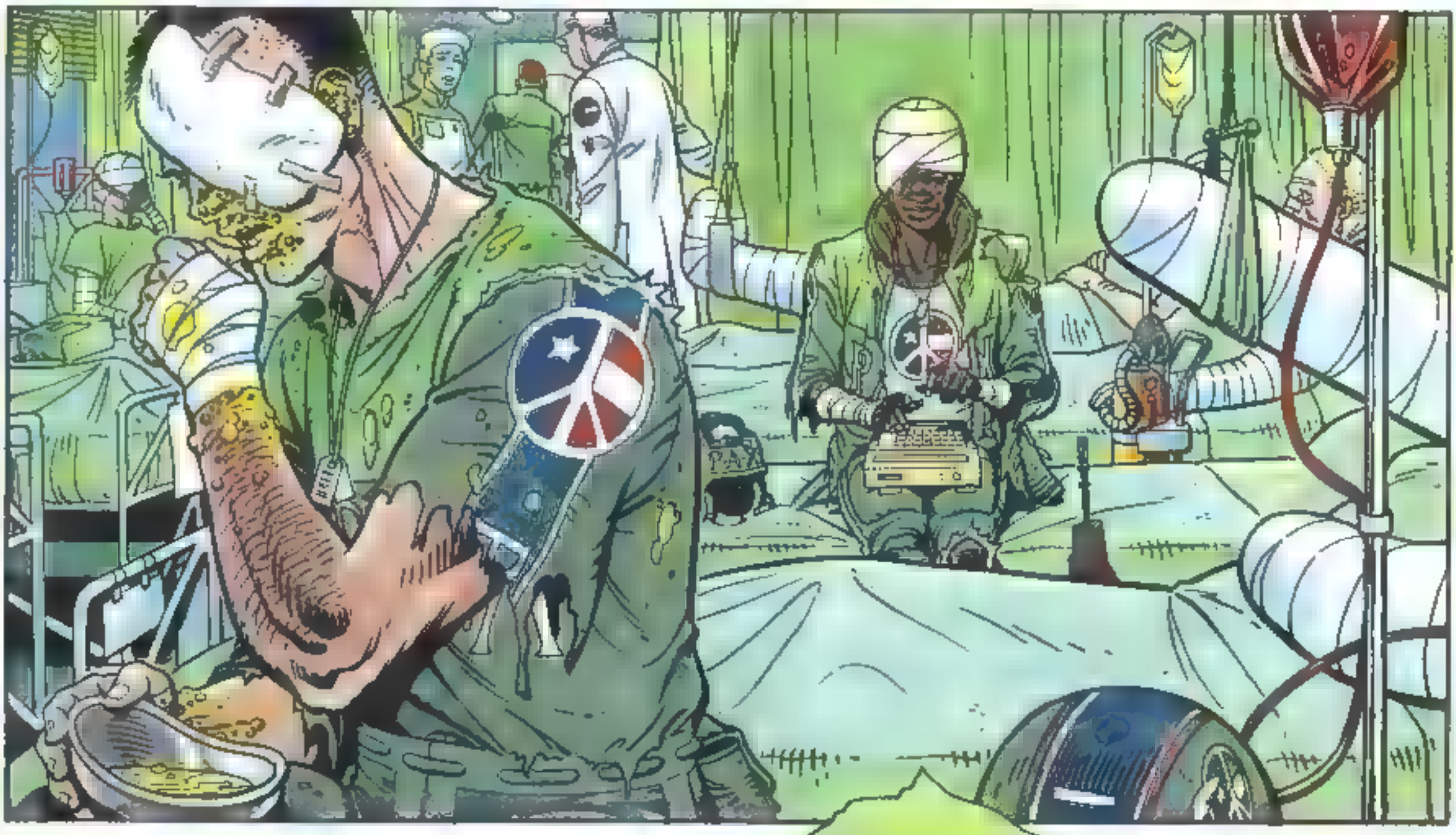

P·A·X
P·A·X
P·A·X

THIS WON'T KILL ME.

I WON'T DIE HERE.

THIS WON'T KILL ME.

2010



PERSONAL CORRESPONDANCE
FROM: Sgt. Martha Washington, Amazon Base 6
TO: Mrs. John Washington, 66 Red Grove #44B,
Chicago, IL 60601
DATE: August 22, 2010

Hi, Mom! Bet you're surprised to hear from me!

Right now I'm sitting in the infirmery. Caught some Special Sauce in the last Big Mac Attack and suddenly they're treating me great. I didn't get hurt too bad, but until the burns heal up a little more I get to stay out of the fighting. They even let me use the neatest little lap top to write this letter. It's no bigger than a toaster but it works fine.

I'm a sargeant now, after only six months. That means better pay and I don't have to take orders as much. I guess PAX is pretty happy with me.

Boy, have they kept me running! It just never lets up here and they're pretty strict about not letting us write home. Guess they must have their reasons.

Mom, the Rain Forest is beautiful. The mosquitoes are all over the place and big as your fist and if they bite you get really swollen up, though, and at first it was really scary, in the forest. It's bigger than anything and it's always dark, and there's more weird animals than in a zoo. They make tons of noise when the shelling isn't going on, and they sound as weird as they look. I always thought

tons of noise when the shelling isn't going on, and they sound as weird as they look. I always thought nature was supposed to be quiet like a postcard. When I'm done with work I like to take walks in it. Sometimes I run into the Reforesters but they're okay, and mostly I get to be all by myself. One time I saw a little monkie with eyes so smart you'd swear it was really a human. Half expected it to talk with me and it did click at me like I was supposed to understand. But maybe I was just imagining things.

Anyway, the big news is that I'll be coming home in a few weeks, they say before the end of the year! Commander Bracket said I could practicly count on it even though he says I'm a good soldier and he'll miss me. Maybe I'll even be home for Christmas!

Love to you and John and sorry if the letter sounds queer. Guess I should've studied harder back in school at English.

See you soon I hope!

Martha



GOD IT'S

W

WASHINGTON IT'S RIGHT THROUGH ME

WHYDDNIT

WHY DIDN'T IT KILL ME IT'S

RIGHT THROUGH ME

REALLY HURTS

CHKCHAKK

KBLAMM

NO --THIS WAY-- COME ON

-- JUST FOLLOW THE *LIGHT*, YOU *ASSHOLES*--

-- YOU FOUL THIS *UP* AND WE'RE *ALL* DEAD -- *SHH*. HEARD SOME-THING...

...OH, CHRIST...

LIEUTENANT MORETTI...?

BLAM

AAAAA

BLAM

BLAM

BLAM

BLAM

BETTER *CONFIRM* THE *KILL*-- IF SHE'S *ALIVE*, I'M *SCREWED*--

NO *TIME*, MORETTI. WE GOT A *FOREST* TO BURN.

FOREST TO BURN

FOREST TO BURN

FOREST TO BURN

MORETTI

LIEUTENANT MORETTI

MORETTI LET THEM IN

THEY'LL BURN IT ALL

ICEMAN'S HERE

NO HE ISN'T

BURN DOWN MY FOREST

--OOF-- SHIT I HATE THIS PLACE

COME ON --SET THOSE INCENDIARIES--

--SO WE CAN GET THE HELL--

--OUT--

SHIK

HUK

HUKK KAFFF

MORETTI COUGHS

SKREK

AND THE GROWN UPS

DICKENS

THE GROWN UPS ALWAYS COUGH

GET A MEDICAL TEAM. THIS ONE'S BREATHING.

P·A·X

THE SURGEONS COULDN'T LET YOU DIE. THEY WORKED DAY AND NIGHT.

YOU'RE A HERO YOU SAVED THE WHOLE FOREST.

WE'VE GOT A SURPRISE FOR YOU.

YOU MAY SEE HER NOW, LIEUTENANT.

THANK YOU, NURSE. I'D LIKE TO BE ALONE WITH HER.

WOULD YOU LOOK AT THIS PIECE OF SHIT ***PROSTHETIC*** THEY GAVE ME? DAMNED ***ANTIQUE***.

DON'T WORRY, THOUGH. MY ***FAMILY'S*** GOT A ***STATE-OF-THE-ART*** LUNG ON IT'S WAY. I'LL BE GOOD AS NEW.

MY FAMILY'S GOT A LOT OF MONEY. A LOT OF POWER.

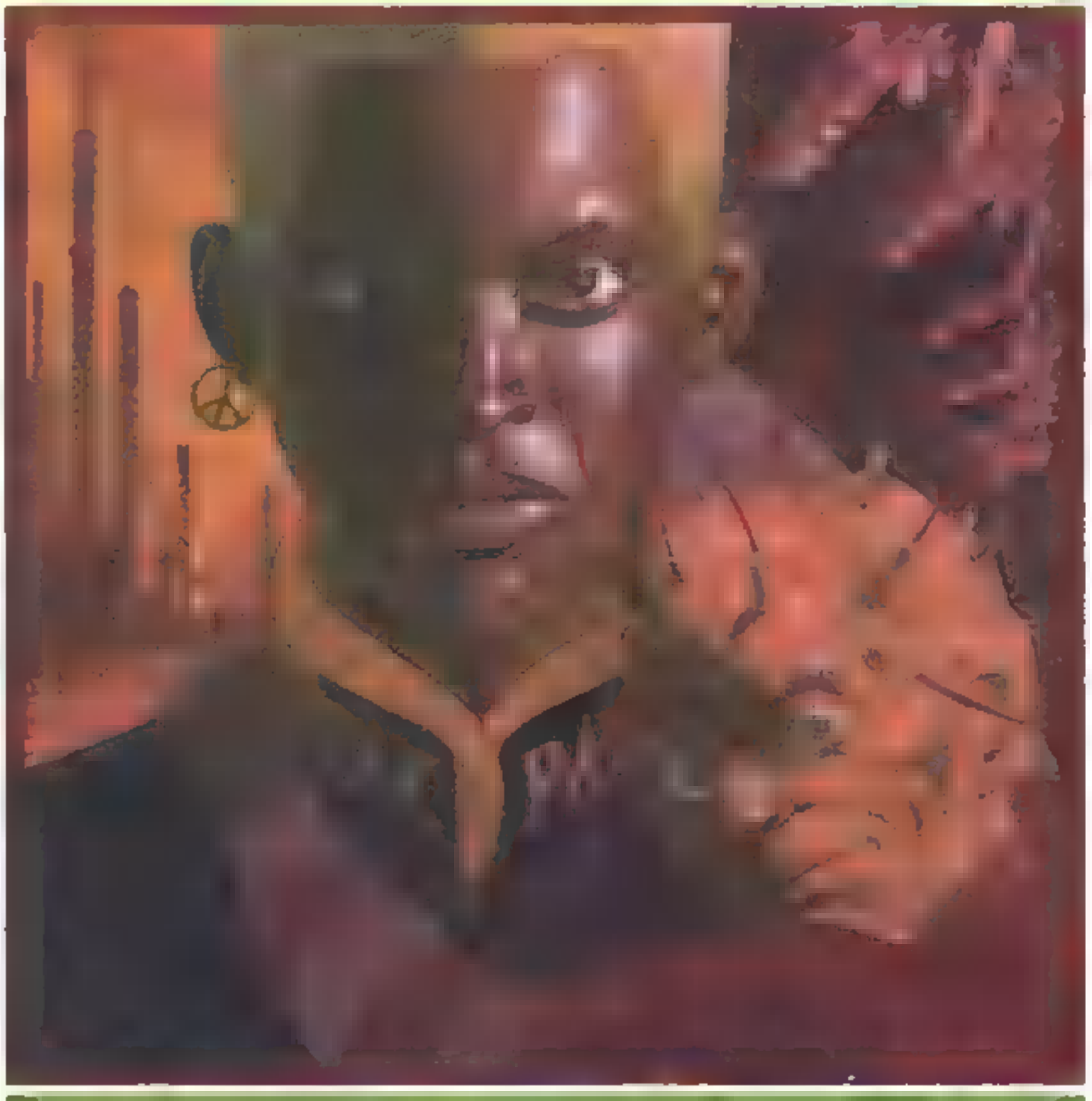
NOBODY'S GOING TO BELIEVE SOME STREET NIGGER OUT OF A NUT HOUSE THAT I'M ANYTHING BUT A WAR HERO.

SO LET'S ***BOTH*** BE WAR HEROES, WASHINGTON.

AND DON'T GIVE ME ANY ***SHIT***.

I DON'T GIVE HIM ANY SHIT





2: TRAVEL & ENTERTAINMENT

THERE'S A LOT OF **LOOSE TALK** THESE DAYS ABOUT **RADIATION**. A LOT OF **SCARE** TALK.

WHEN YOU SHOP AT **BEHEMOTH**, YOU GET **GOOD FOOD**. AND PLENTY OF IT. THAT'S ALL YOU NEED TO KNOW.

BEHEMOTH

Speci

NOW **THAT'S** A **HOT DOG!**

BIGGER. BETTER. **BEHEMOTH.**

BEHEMOTH

TODAY, MORE THAN EVER-- OURS IS THE LAND OF OPPORTUNITY...

...FOR **EVERY** AMERICAN...

P·A·X

I WAS BORN ON THE **WRONG** SIDE OF THE TRACKS, IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN...

...AND I GUESS MAYBE I DIDN'T **HANDLE** IT SO WELL ...**DRUGS**. **ARMED ROBBERY**. AND YEAH, **MURDER ONE**.

I'D STILL BE ON THE RUN IF IT WEREN'T FOR THE **PEACE FORCE**.

SIGN ON WITH **PAX** AND THEY'LL **CLEAR YOUR RECORD**. **NO QUESTIONS ASKED**.

AND EVERYTHING YOU LEARNED ON THE **WRONG** SIDE OF THE LAW? DON'T WORRY...

P·A·X

...YOU'LL GET TO USE IT.

CHKCHAKK

AMERICA ON THE MOVE

2008 : OUR COUNTRY IS AT WAR WITH FORTY FOREIGN NATIONS-- AND WITH ITSELF.

BUDGET CUTS FORCE AUTHORITIES TO SHUT DOWN PRISONS AND MENTAL INSTITUTIONS, BRINGING HIDEOUS POVERTY AND VIOLENCE TO CITY STREETS.

PRESIDENT ERWIN REXALL, FACING THE THREAT OF HIS FIRST DEFEAT IN FOUR ELECTIONS, DECLARES MARTIAL LAW.

CONGRESS GRANTS THE SURGEON GENERAL AUTHORITY TO CONDUCT HIS 'WAR ON SICKNESS!'

CRIME IS NOT A DISEASE.

DISEASE IS A CRIME.

THE HEALTH POLICE JOIN THE PEACE FORCE IN THE URBAN PACIFICATION EFFORT.

POLICE 23

FOR A TIME THE STREETS ARE SILENT.

THEN COME THE RIOTS -- AND THE BATTLES. AUTHORITIES ARE FORCED TO SURRENDER ENTIRE NEIGHBORHOODS TO MILITANT FACTIONS.

MAY 5, 2009 : A FIREBOMB REDUCES THE WHITE HOUSE TO A BURNT SHELL.

SIXTY-SEVEN SEPARATE REVOLUTIONARY GROUPS CLAIM RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE ATROCITY.

BADLY BURNED, PRESIDENT REXALL LAPSES INTO A COMA. WHO WILL REPLACE HIM?

AMONG THE DEAD: VICE PRESIDENT CARGO, ATTORNEY GENERAL SPHINCTER AND EVERY MEMBER OF THE REXALL CABINET--

--EXCEPT HOWARD NISSEN, ACTING SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE.

A LIBERAL DEMOCRAT MOMENTARILY BOOSTED INTO THE POSITION BY THE DEATH OF SECRETARY PLACEBO THREE DAYS EARLIER.

EVERYONE HAD BEEN SURE THAT HE WOULD SHORTLY BE FIRED.

IT WAS NO SECRET THAT REXALL WAS DISPLEASED WITH HIS MILITANT ENVIRONMENTALISM.

MAY 9, 2009: HOWARD NISSEN IS SWORN IN AS THE FIRST NEW PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES IN THIRTEEN YEARS.

MAY 10, 2009: NISSEN'S FIRST **EXECUTIVE ORDER** WITHDRAWS ALL **PEACE FORCE** TROOPS FROM POISONED NO-MAN'S-LANDS IN EVERY CORNER OF THE EARTH--

--ENDING MORE THAN A DECADE OF COSTLY WARS AND PAVING THE WAY FOR AMERICA'S RE-ADMITTANCE TO THE UNITED NATIONS.

BUT THE 150,000 **PAX** TROOPS ARE NOT LEFT IDLE FOR LONG.

JUNE 1, 2009 PRESIDENT NISSEN ORDERS A FULL-SCALE INVASION OF BRAZIL'S **AMAZON RAIN FOREST.**

PAX TROOPS DEFEND WHAT LITTLE REMAINS OF THE FOREST FROM RUTHLESS INTERNATIONAL FAST FOOD CORPORATIONS IN A WAR THAT CONTINUES TO THIS DAY.

JUNE 21, 2009: NISSEN SUCCESS-FULLY NEGOTIATES THE LANDMARK **'SWORDS INTO PLOWSHARES'** TREATY--

--SOVIET AND U.S. **LASER CANNONS** ARE AIMED AT EACH COUNTRY'S **OWN TERRITORY.**

JUNE 30, 2009: NISSEN'S FIRST CRISIS. A BAND OF **APACHE INDIANS** SEIZE THE OLD **LUNDORF OIL REFINERY** IN THE MEXICAN TERRITORY.

NISSEN'S SOLUTION SHOCKS SOME--AND THRILLS MANY.

MY FRIENDS, IT'S TIME WE SET THINGS RIGHT.

THE GENOCIDE OF NATIVE AMERICANS MUST STOP.

THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT HAS PURCHASED THE LUNDORF REFINERY--

--AND OFFERS IT TO THE APACHE PEOPLE AS A GESTURE OF GOODWILL, IN HOPE THAT THEY MAY PROSPER.

MARCH 31, 2010: PRESIDENT NISSEN RECEIVES THE **NOBEL PEACE PRIZE.**

SHOULD ERWIN REXALL EVER RISE FROM HIS BED AT WALTER REED--

HE WILL BE CONFRONTED WITH AN AMERICA THAT SCARCELY RESEMBLES THE NATION HE RULED LIKE A KING.

P·A·X

PUNCH IT, WASHINGTON --THOSE MEN ARE PINNED DOWN--

YES, CAPTAIN.

P·A·X

--BY NOW YOU SHOULD BE RIGHT ON TOP OF IT --MOVE IT--

YES, CAPTAIN.

AND TELL THEM *MORETTI* SENT YOU, BABE.

YOU *KNOW* WE'RE ALL *COUNTING* ON YOU.

...YES, CAPTAIN.

POOM POOM

EAT

BRAKA
BRAKA
BRAKA
BRAKK

GOT ITS ATTENTION.

ARMING...

POOM POOM

OH NOOOO...

SOUSH

EEESH...

--OOAAGGGGG

PARTY LATER--THEY NEVER GIVE UP EASY...

PAX

HEADS UP--INCOMING--

SKRFFF

--INCOMING--

--TAKE COVER--

BOOOM

--IN THE **FOURTH** ATTEMPT TO ASSASSINATE PRESIDENT NISSEN THIS WEEK BY THE **ARYAN THRUST**.

THE MILITANT GAY RACIST GROUP HAS SWORN **REVENGE** FOR THE ACCIDENTAL LASER CANNON INCINERATION OF ITS APPALACHIAN MOUNTAIN **STRONG-HOLD** ...

...AN ACCIDENT **APPLAUDED** BY THE **SURGEON GENERAL**...

THIS COUNTRY IS **BLIGHTED**. **POISONED**. **CANCEROUS**. ITS **MOUNTAINS** ARE SUPPURATING **SORES**. ITS **PEOPLE** ARE MUTATING **BACTERIA**--

-- **LASER SURGERY** IS **EXACTLY** WHAT AMERICA NEEDS.

THE SURGEON GENERAL HAS DISPATCHED **HEALTH POLICE** TO 'DISINFECT' APPALACHIA. NO CASUALTIES HAVE BEEN REPORTED...

SEX SCANDAL **ROCKS** THE VATICAN! AFTER THIS:

SOMETIMES IT JUST **GETS** TO ME AND I HAVE TO **CRY**--

--I WISH I COULD TALK TO **MOM** SHE'S **NEVER** SCARED--

--I WANT **MOM** AND INSTEAD THIS **CAT** SHOWS UP.

THIS **BIG CAT** A **PANTHER**...

...**FIRST** TIME I SEE HER, I ALMOST **THROW UP**--BUT ALL SHE DOES IS LOOK ME OVER AND WALK AWAY...

GHHAAA

I SAID **NO FRATER-NIZATION** BETWEEN **OFFICERS**.

DO WE **UNDERSTAND** EACH OTHER, GENTLEMEN?

THE **BUTTERFLIES** GO TO MY AUNT **CLAIRE** IN **BOSTON**--SHE'LL JUST **LOVE** THEM--

--AND THAT LITTLE **MONKEY'S** FOR MY OLD ROOMIE **BIFF**...

...**SERGEANT**! WHAT A **SURPRISE**!

YES, SIR. ON THEIR WAY, SIR.

PERMISSION TO SPEAK **PRIVATELY**, CAPTAIN.

MY CUE TO GO...**ACE** YOU NEXT TIME, STANLEY.

IT'S ABOUT YOUR **TRANSFER REQUEST**, ISN'T IT, SERGEANT? **NO CAN DO**. WE **NEED** YOU RIGHT AT THE **FRONT** OF THINGS.

YOUR FAULT FOR BEING SUCH A **GO-GETTER**.

I DON'T MIND THE **COMBAT**, SIR. IT'S THE **MEN**.

I'M THE ONLY OFFICER IN SQUAD FOUR WHO DIDN'T COME STRAIGHT FROM **DEATH ROW**.

GIVING YOU A ROUGH TIME, AREN'T THEY? SORRY, DOLL, BUT YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO **BUCK UP**.

PERMISSION TO SPEAK... CANDIDLY, SIR.

I'VE KEPT MY **MOUTH** SHUT. I HAVEN'T TOLD **ANYBODY** HOW YOU SOLD US **OUT**.

THWAKK

THAT WILL BE **ALL**, SERGEANT.

KHAFFF

I WANT TO **KILL** HIM.

THIS TIME SHE **SNIFFS** ME.

-- A NEWS TWELVE **DATA RAID** REVEALS THE LASER CANNON MISFIRE WAS CAUSED BY AN EXPERIMENTAL **COMMAND SYSTEM**--

--UTILIZING **PSYCHIC SCHIZOPHRENICS** LITERALLY **WIRED IN** TO COMPUTER SOFTWARE.

COMING UP: VICTORIOUS **PAX** TROOPS PRESS THEIR ADVANTAGE --CHARGING THE FAT BOY **CATTLE-FIELDS** AT THE EDGE OF THE AMAZON...

NO SIGN OF THEM--THEY'VE PULLED OUT--

OH, JESUS--THE COWS--THEY'RE RIGGED!



I'M GOING TO MISS THE FOREST.

STEP LIVELY, SERGEANT.

WE'RE MOVING OUT.

WE'RE ALL MOVING OUT.

THE WAR'S OVER.

THE FIGHTING SUCKED.

BUT I'M GOING TO MISS THE FOREST.

THE WAR'S OVER.

IT'S OVER.

MOM HAS PICTURES OF NEW YORK FROM BEFORE THE ICE CAPS MELTED AND THE OCEAN ROSE.

AT LEAST THEY TAKE CARE OF THE STATUE NOW. IT LOOKED PRETTY CRUMMY IN THE OLD PICTURES.

JULY 4

HAVE TO GET MOM A POST-CARD OF IT.

HE GIVES *MORETTI* ANOTHER *MEDAL* AND ANOTHER *PROMOTION*--TO *COLONEL*.

HE GIVES *ME* ANOTHER *MEDAL*.

HE HAS *SAD EYES*. HE LISTENS REALLY *CLOSELY* WHEN I TALK TO HIM ABOUT THE *GREEN*.

--*CABRINI GREEN*. I WAS *BORN* THERE.

THEY CALL IT A *HOUSING PROJECT* BUT IT'S A *PRISON*...

HORRIBLE. MY *GOD*. IF ALL THIS IS *TRUE*...

... IT WON'T *STAND*. NOT ONE MORE *DAY*.

I *PROMISE* YOU THAT, SERGEANT.

CABRINI GREEN
LOWER INCOME HOUSING FACILITY
CHICAGO ILLINOIS

P·A·X

MOM.

I LOVE THE PRESIDENT.

THE NEW ONE, I MEAN.

JUST DON'T **WORRY** MOM--NOT ABOUT **ME**

THEY SAY THERE'S NO **WAY** I HAVE TO LEAVE **HOME**. NOT EVER **AGAIN**.

2011

Ten minutes to contact. Commencing deceleration. No errors. Checking docking systems. All systems secure.
WE'VE GOT A BLOCKAGE ON FRONT VIEW SCREEN, COMPUTER.
I'M GOING TOPSIDE TO CLEAR IT.

Understood, Sergeant. Automatic pilot engaged. Opening air lock.

GUESS YOU'VE RUN ACROSS OUR GREETING PARTY, HUH, GUYS?

MY WAY OF LETTING YOU KNOW WE MEAN ***BUSINESS***.

YES. I UNDERSTAND.

STOPPED ***LAUGHING*** AT THE ***ARYAN THRUST***, HUH?

NOW THAT WE'RE READY TO EXACT OUR HOLY ***VENGEANCE***.

IT WAS A ***MISFIRE***. A ***MISTAKE***. WE'RE ***VERY SORRY***. THE PRESIDENT HAS EXPRESSED HIS DEEP REGRET.

MISFIRE MY ASS. HOW STUPID DO YOU THINK WE ARE?

YOU'VE ALWAYS HATED US. WE MAKE YOU UNCOMFORTABLE, DON'T WE?

P.A.X

IF WE COULD JUST INSPECT THE CANNON'S COMMAND SYSTEM--IT'S EXPERIMENTAL --WE COULD AVOID ANY MORE TROUBLE.

WE ARE PREPARED TO MAKE REPARATIONS ...

Five minutes to dock. Commencing braking sequence. Please return to cabin, Sergeant..

REPARATIONS MY ASS. I'M HOLDING YOUR BALLS HOSTAGE. YOUR FUCKING PRESIDENT.

GOT YOU BY THE NUTS. GOT THEM RIGHT IN MY HAND AND I'M SQUEEZING. NOBODY'S LAUGHING AT THE ARYAN THRUST. NOT NOW.

POINTING YOUR OWN CANNON RIGHT DOWN YOUR THROATS. RIGHT DOWN YOUR THROATS. SO NOBODY'S LAUGHING.

NO, MR. CROTCH. NO ONE IS LAUGHING.

THAT'S COLONEL CROTCH. COLONEL WILHELM CROTCH.

GET IT RIGHT OR YOU'LL BE SUCKING VACUUM WITH YOUR FRIENDS.

SEE WHERE WE GOT IT *AIMED*?

I SAY THE *WORD* ..I *WHISPER* THE WORD AND *WASHINGTON D.C'S* A *CRATER* SO - NO *SHIT*.

YES I UNDERSTAND.

GIVE ME THAT DAMNED *GUN*, YOU *BITCH*.

AND HAND OVER THAT *SWORD* OR I'LL BREAK YOUR *NECK*.

I'LL BE TAKING THAT *CASE*, PECKER-WOOD.

I SAID *GIVE* ME THAT *SWORD*.

BROUGHT A *DARKIE*, DID YOU? WHAT'S YOUR *NAME*, DARKIE?

YOU KNOW YOU CAN'T FIRE THAT THING NOT IN HERE.

BULLETS ARE BOUND TO PUNCTURE A WALL. BLOW EVERYTHING OUT.

KILL YOURSELF, SHOOTING THAT THING.

MUST'VE USED **KNIVES** ON THE CREW, DIDN'T YOU? **BLADES** ARE SAFE WEAPONS, OUT HERE.

GUNS ARE **USELESS**. ALL THERE IS TO IT.

I SAID NO **SHIT**.

SHKK

HE **DIES**--

CHAKK

--WARNED YOU--

BLAMM

WHAT. WHAT.

DAMN IT--

HHKK

SHKK

YES. I UNDERSTAND.

GYAAA

SHIT-- DAMN IT--

HGGN

SHAKK

WHAT. WHAT.

--I SAY THE **WORD**--

Ignition sequence begun. Maximum firepower sixty seconds.

FIRE CANNON

REAL GOOD, MARTHA ...

OVER THERE-- KILL THAT BITCH--

PAX

No errors found reading system. fifty-five seconds to ignition. Option to abort expired.

GUNS. WARNED YOU...

POOM

Damage on Deck Three... Checking systems...

MARTHA.

...No errors reading system. Resuming countdown at fifty seconds.

MEMBER ME? *RAGGYANN*. CALLED ME *RAGGYANN*. LONG *TIME* BACK. IN *FRUIT HOUSE*.

RAGGEDY ANN... NUT HOUSE... IT WAS IN THE NUT HOUSE...

YEARS AGO...

Forty-five seconds.

RAGGYANN. NO *LUNCH*. *YEARS* BACK. *SHOOT* OR *SPLODE*, MARTHA.

WHAT...?

Thirty seconds.

...*SPLODE*.

SPLODE.

Fifteen -- Danger. Firing sequence aborted. Power build up fatal.

QUIET...

SLOW YOU *DOWN*, MARTHA. DON'T *BOTHER*.

Main banks detonate in fourteen seconds.

JUST PLUG ME *IN* AGAIN. *MARTHA*. LET ME *SPLODE*.

SHUT *UP*...

Twelve seconds.

Ten seconds.

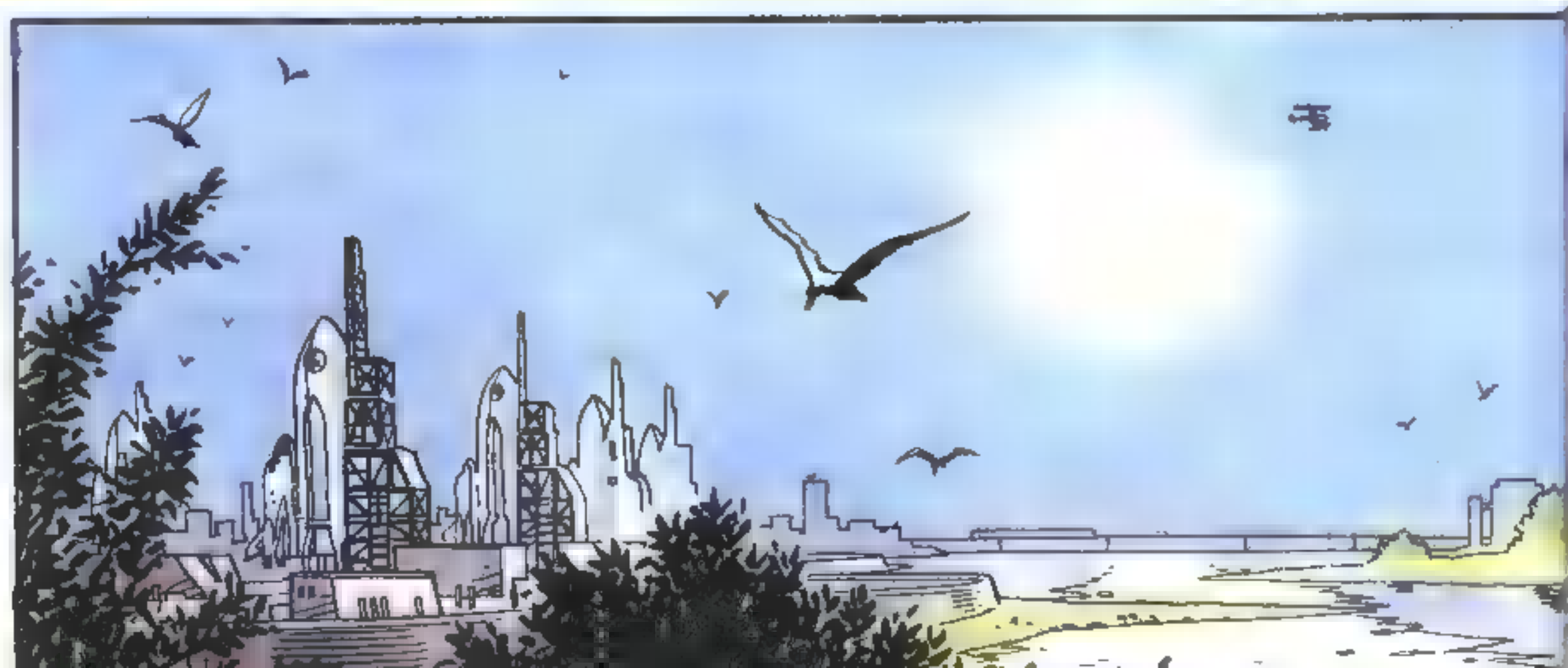
CODE BLUE. EMERGENCY POWER. ALL THRUSTERS.

TOO *LATE*...

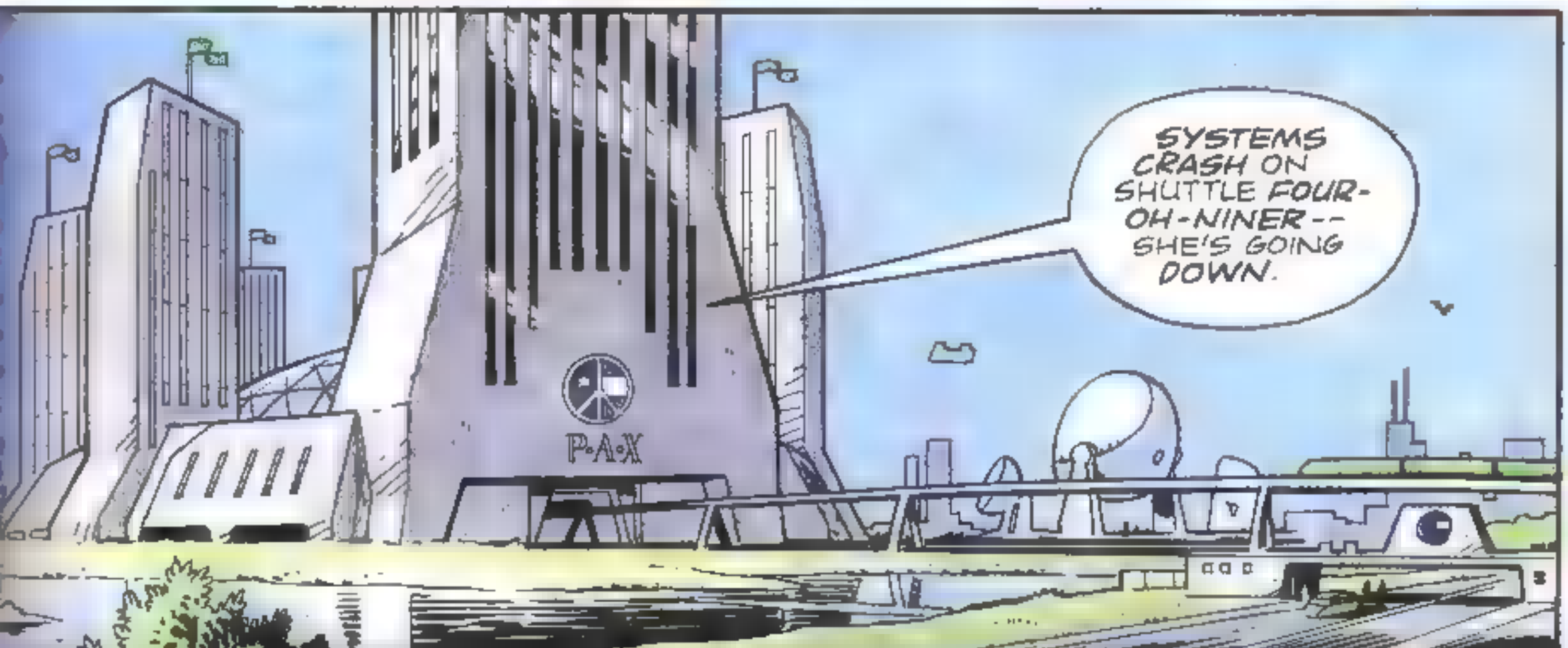
Code accepted. Thrusters engaged.

WHUFF


USA




P·A·X


SYSTEMS CRASH ON SHUTTLE FOUR-OH-NINER -- SHE'S GOING DOWN.
P·A·X

SERGEANT WASHINGTON DOESN'T HAVE MUCH OF A *CHANCE*, COLONEL.

JUST SIXTEEN YEARS OLD. AN... UNUSUAL CHOICE FOR SUCH A DANGEROUS MISSION.

MY CHOICE, CAPTAIN. AND A GOOD ONE. SHE DESTROYED THE CANNON.

IT'LL BE SAD TO LOSE HER. WE SERVED TOGETHER, YOU KNOW.

IN THE AMAZON ACTION ...

SIR--THE *ENGINE*-- WE'VE GOT A SPLIT *SEAM*--

KLAM!

!

IMPACT. SHE'S DOWN.

PAX

PAX

PAX 25

WAIT--

HER MAIN ENGINE'S ABOUT TO BLOW-- WASHINGTON'S FINISHED--

WHFF

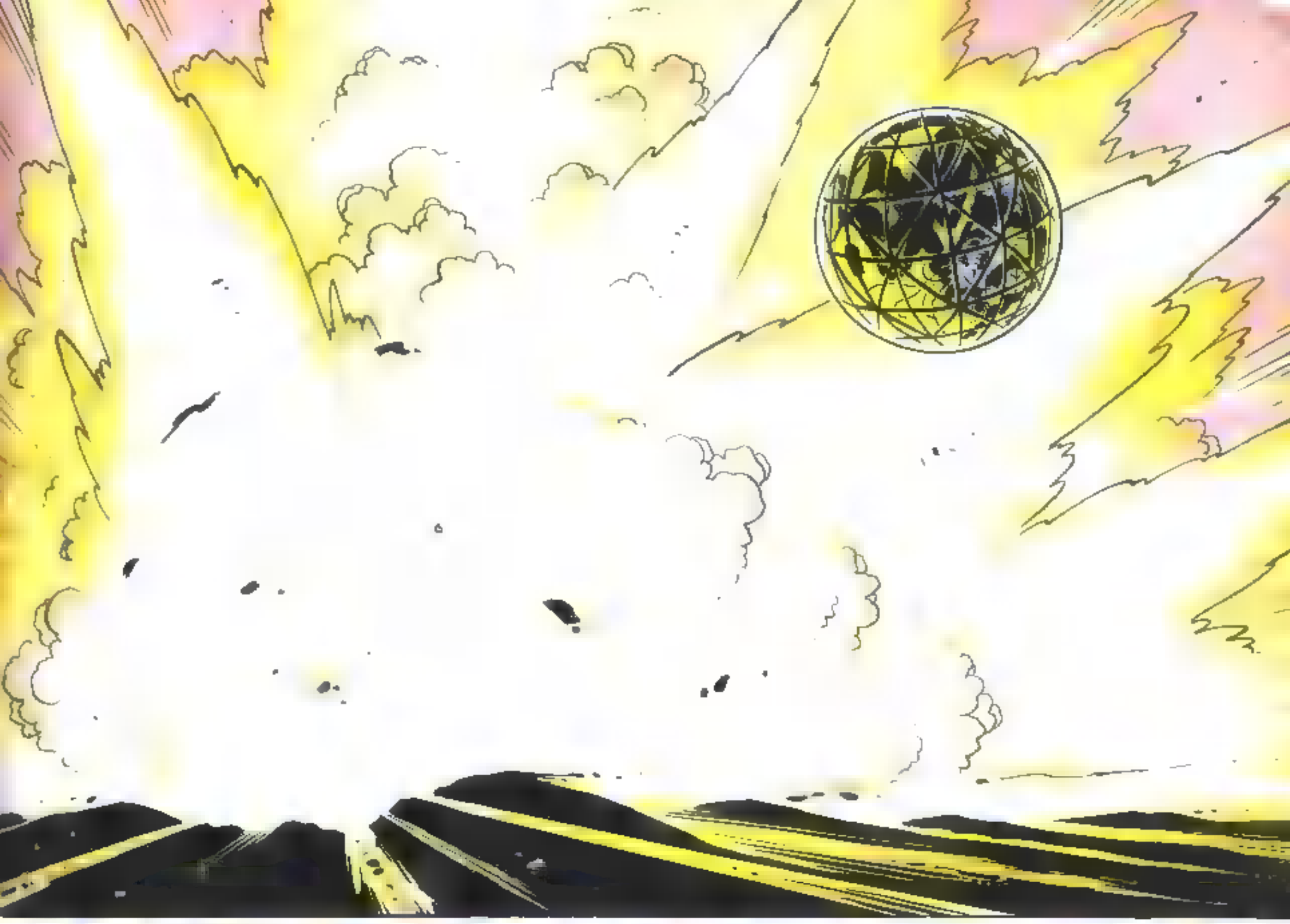
PAK
PAK

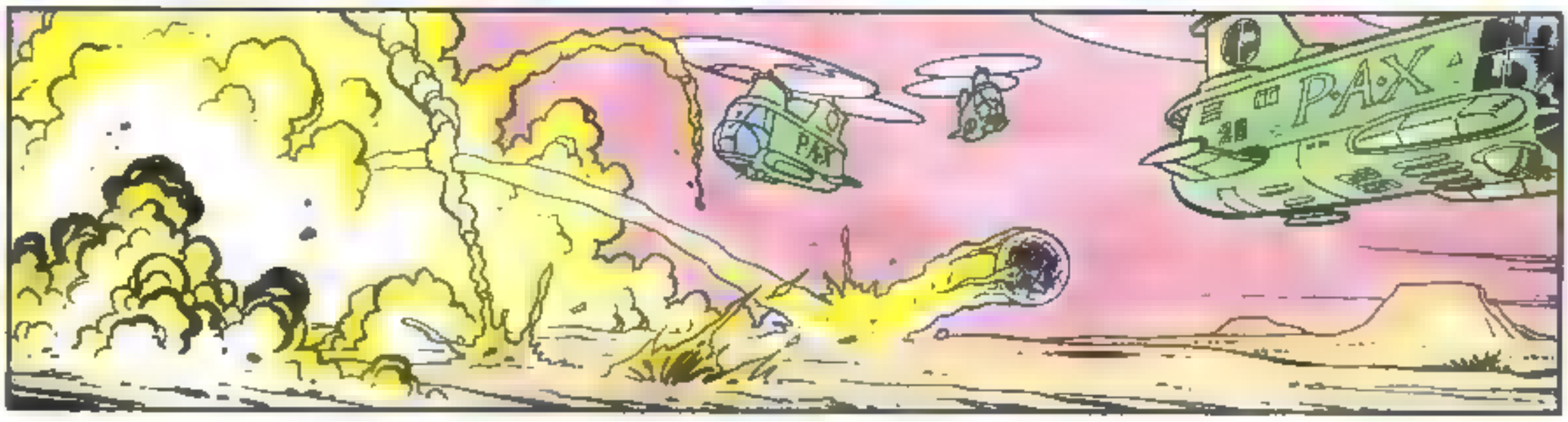
SHE'S OUT OF THE *SHUTTLE*--ON HER *FEET*--

--SHE'S RUNNING-- GOT HER *BUCKMINSTER* WITH HER--SHE HAS A *CHANCE*...

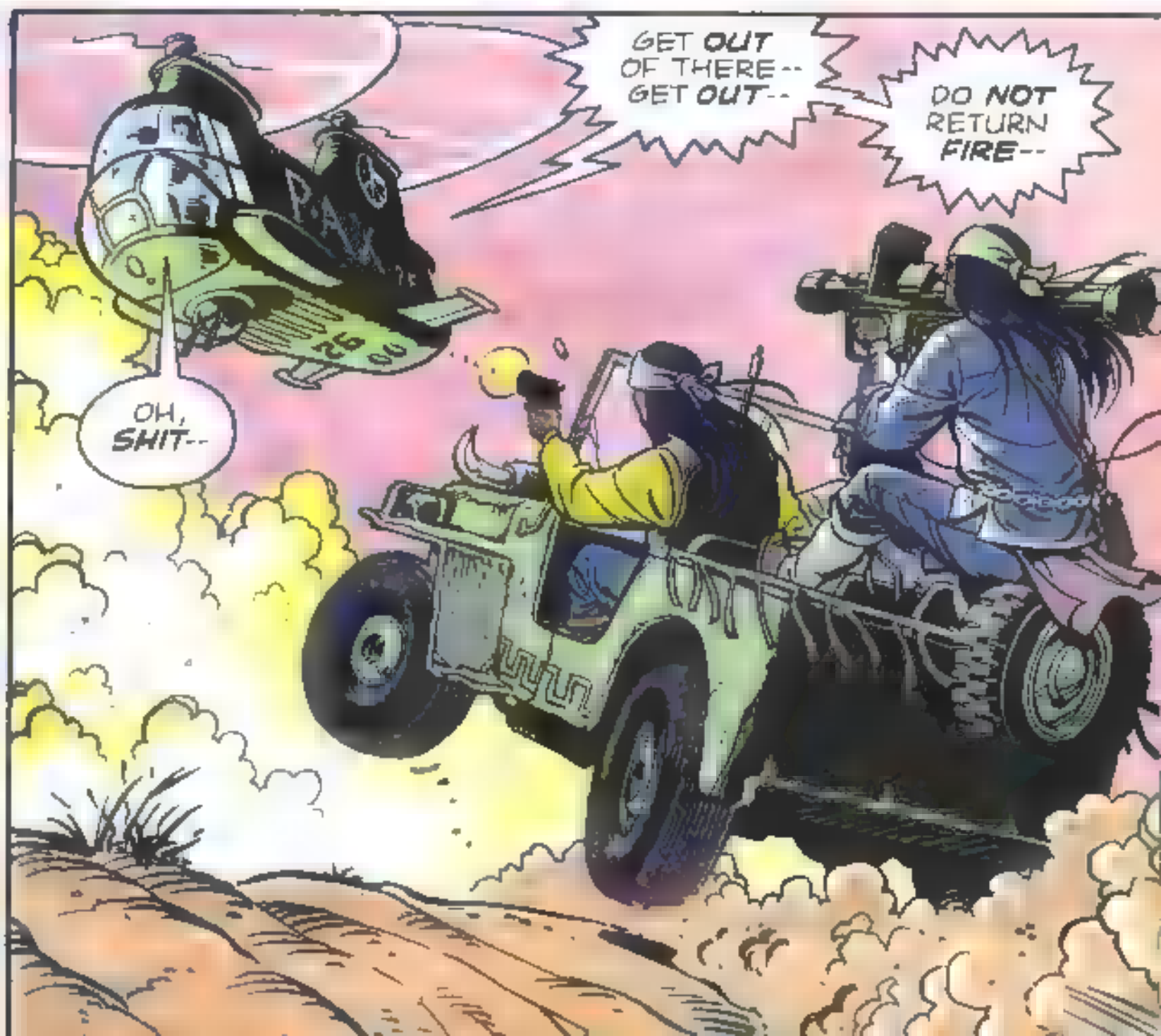
FIRE'S AT THE *FUEL LINE*-- SHUTTLE'S ABOUT TO *BLOW*--

PAK
PAK
PAK
PAK




PAX
PAX


OH NO. OH GOD--
ALL UNITS. WITHDRAW. NOW. YOU'VE CROSSED THE LINE. THE APACHES--


GET OUT OF THERE-- GET OUT--
DO NOT RETURN FIRE--
OH, SHIT--

PFOOM

--MARTHA GET UP-- NOT IN FOREST. NOT RAINING.

NO TIME FOR FLASHBACK, MARTHA. WAKE UP. PEOPLE COMING.

MORETTI YOU BASTARD

NNFF. WHUH...? PEOPLE...?

MARTHA.

NNFF

NN***NNOO***--

THWAKK

IT WAS HAILED AS HIS **CROWNING ACHIEVEMENT**...

--THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT HAS PURCHASED THE LUNDORF REFINERY--

--AND OFFERS IT TO THE APACHE PEOPLE AS A GESTURE OF GOODWILL, IN HOPE THAT THEY MAY PROSPER.

...BUT **THIS** IS THE **LEGACY** PRESIDENT NISSEN HAS BEQUEATHED TO THE APACHE PEOPLE.

AIR SO DESPOILED THAT A SINGLE DAY'S EXPOSURE BRINGS A **HACKING COUGH** TO THE HEARTIEST...

...**SKIN** TURNED **GREY** AND **DISEASED**--

--PAINTED **RED** IN SAD PRIDE, EVERY DAY...

--A PEOPLE AND A RACE DYING SLOWLY OF LUNG DISEASE.

E PLURIBUS UNUM

MEMOIRS OF AN AMERICAN PRESIDENT.

DECEMBER 7, 2011

EVEN THE MOST DEVOTED SUPPORTERS OF PRESIDENT NISSEN LIST THE APACHE NATION AMONG HIS MANY FAILURES...

IT'S LATE, AND I'M TIRED.

TIRED...

GLUG

...THE WORD HARDLY BEGINS TO DESCRIBE THE BONE-DEEP, SOUL-DEEP FATIGUE...

--SIXTY THOUSAND AMERICAN LIVES LOST IN THE AMAZON WAR--

...THAT LEAVES ME LIKE A DEAD MAN AT THE END OF EVERY SINGLE DAY.

...BUT SOMEHOW I CONTINUE, IN SPITE OF IT ALL...

...I MUST CONTINUE...

--CURRENCY COLLAPSE--

...MUST STAY TRUE TO THE DESTINY THAT HAS SETTLED SO HEAVILY ACROSS...

...HEAVILY UPON MY SHOULDERS --

--SHIT--

--SHIT GOD DAMNIT...

GLUG

YOU NEVER HAD IT SO BAD.

YOU ONLY HAD ONE ENEMY-- JUST ONE--

--JUST A PACK OF RACIST CAPITALISTS WHO NEVER HAD A CHANCE AGAINST YOU IN THE FIRST PLACE.

YOU DIDN'T HAVE MEMBERS OF YOUR OWN STAFF CALLING YOU A **TYRANT** TO THE **PRESS**...

YOU DIDN'T HAVE THE **JOB** OF SAVING THE **ENVIRON-MENT** FROM **CENTURIES** OF **ABUSE**--

-- AND EVERYBODY SAYING YOU CREATED ANOTHER **VIET NAM** WHEN YOU **TRIED**...

HOUSE-KEEPING-- HIS **BOTTLE'S** EMPTY.

YOU DIDN'T FACE **THIRTY-SEVEN SEPARATIST** MOVEMENTS TEARING THE NATION TO **PIECES**...

SENATORS PLOTTING YOUR **ASSASSINATION**...

... AND THE **AFRICANS** --

I SEND **PAX** TO ABOLISH APARTHEID ONCE AND FOR ALL...

... AND ALL THEY SEE IS THE **WAR** AND THE **DEAD**...

...YOU'D THINK I WAS **HITLER** THE WAY THEY...

HE'S OUT. GET HIM TO BED.

Apache Sundown

Poverty and Despair in the Apache Nation

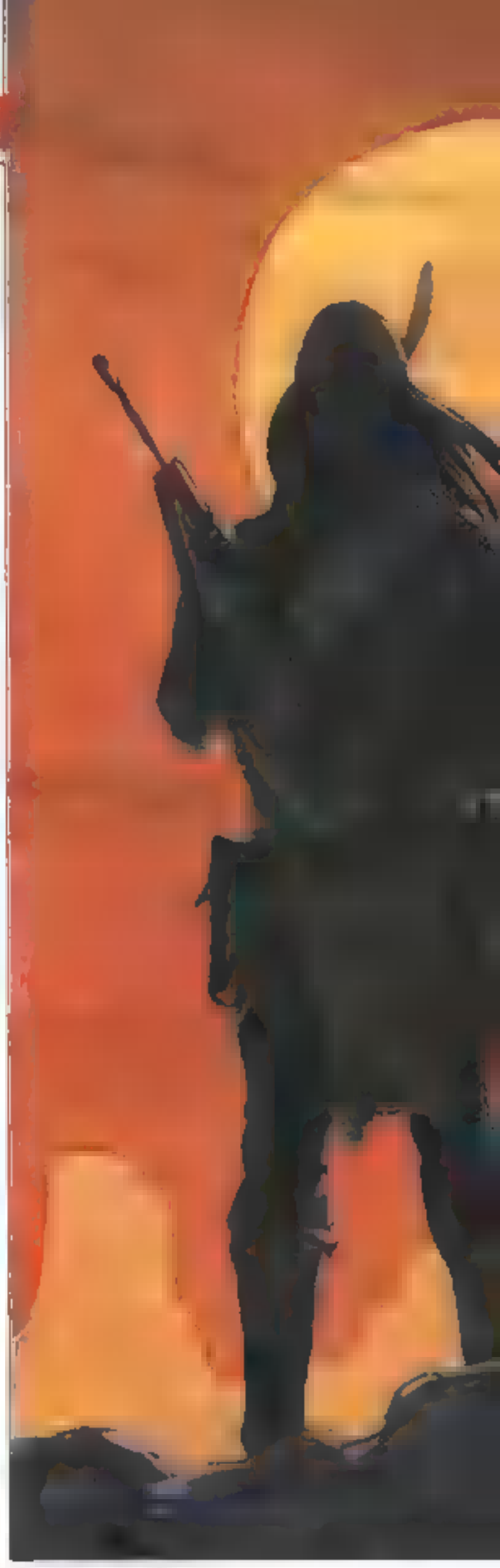
by Lisa Nordik

Dancing Rabbit, four years old, stands over an oil-can filled with a bright-red mixture the texture of creosote. She dips a dirty cloth into the mix and spreads it across her acne-ridden face, her sunken chest, her swollen belly. Soon she is more or less the color of her Apache ancestors. Behind her, lined liked derelicts outside a mission, are the other coughing, grey-skinned women of her tribe.

This sad, strange ritual is repeated every morning by every member of the Apache Nation before they go to their posts at the fifty



Lost pride, lost hope: *An Apache girl paints her skin*



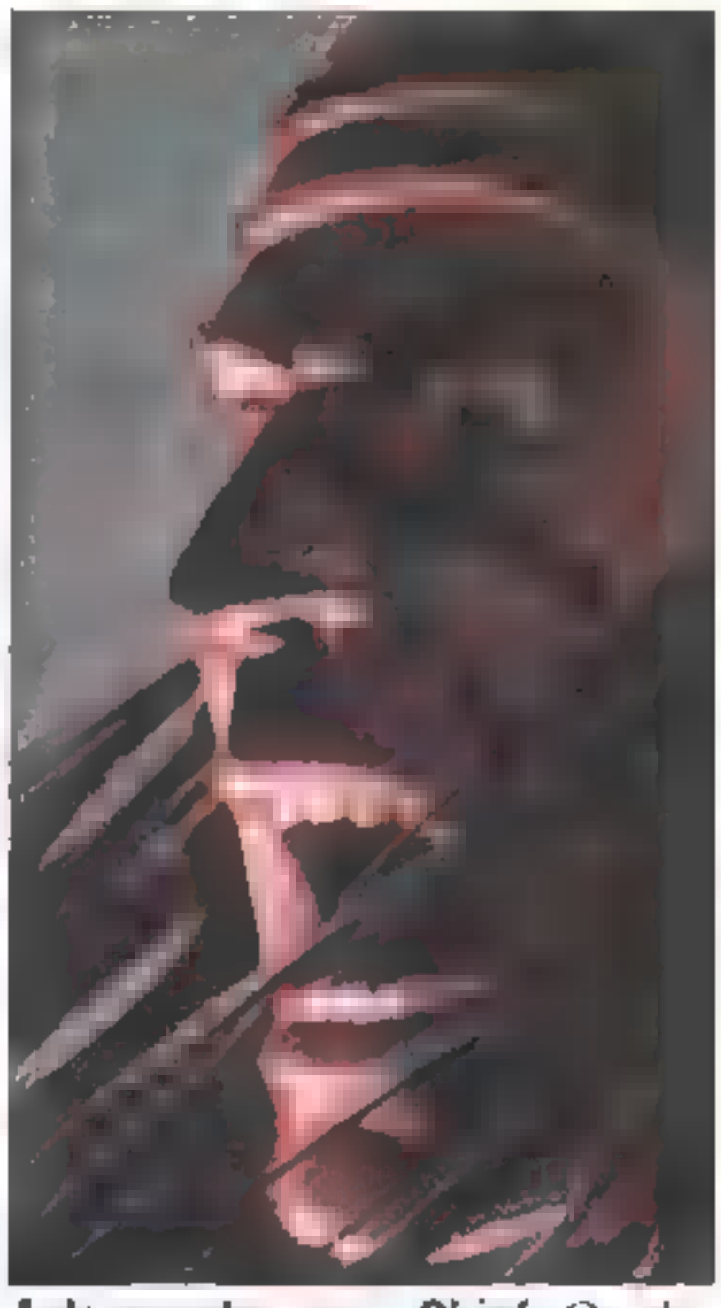
Nothing to lose: *Redfeather's angry army*

year old Lundorf Refinery. The refinery is a shameful antique, lacking even the most rudimentary of air-cleansing technology. It coughs purple-black smoke into the once beautiful sky of the Mexican Territory. The eyes sting the moment one arrives. The mouth is filled with an awful, oily taste. A single day's exposure to the



President Nissen's signature added to the treaty last year, the tribe looked forward to cultural and economic independence. But with America's increasing use of solar power, the oil producing nations of the world have faced financial cataclysm, and with them, the lofty dream of Redfeather has turned to oil-black despair.

Starving, but armed to the teeth: A Presidential Decree protects the Apache from any assault from PAX. PAX is, in fact, forbidden even from returning fire from the warlike tribe. Nonetheless, Redfeather has formed a state of the art militia — and observers worry that Redfeather may once



A desperate, angry Chief: *On the warpath?*

poisoned air will give even the hardiest of visitors ■ chronic, gut-wrenching cough. A year's labor at the refinery has inflicted forty per cent of the inhabitants with a variety of undiagnosed, untreated lung diseases. There aren't many of the revered Old Ones left. Most have died coughing blood.

Redfeather's dream: The handsome young leader of the Apache Nation stirred hopes nationwide for his people and inspired an outpouring of pickets and protests when he led one hundred warriors to seize the refinery on July 20, 2009. He produced a two hundred year old treaty granting his people the land upon which the refinery was built. With

THEY DON'T *HURT* ME OR RAGGYANN THEY *FEED* US--

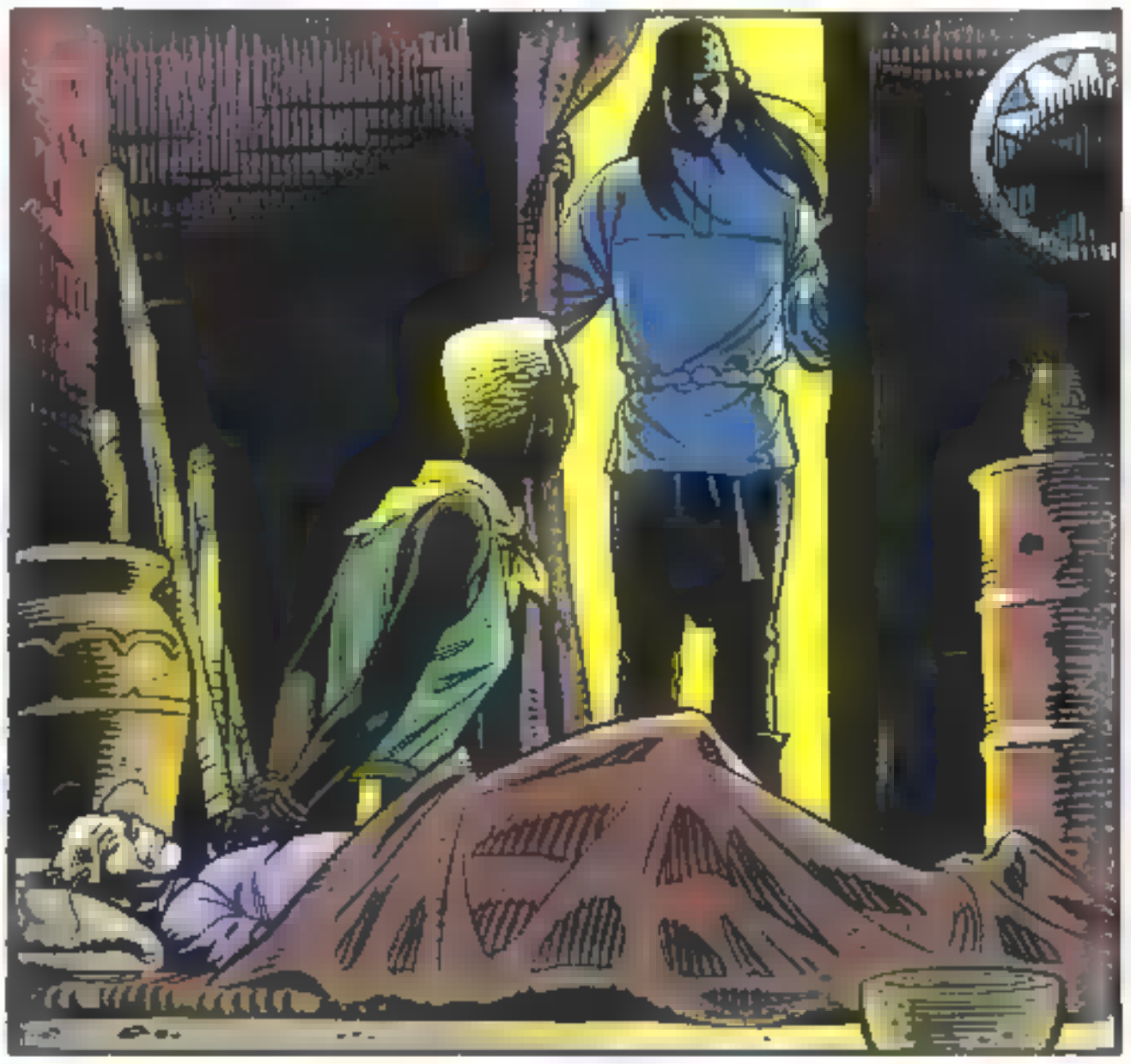
--IT'S *SNAKE MEAT* THAT TASTES LIKE *OIL* BUT THEY *FEED* US--

--SLAPPING ME *AROUND* LIKE THEY DID WAS FOR *SHOW*. FOR THE *PEACE FORCE*.

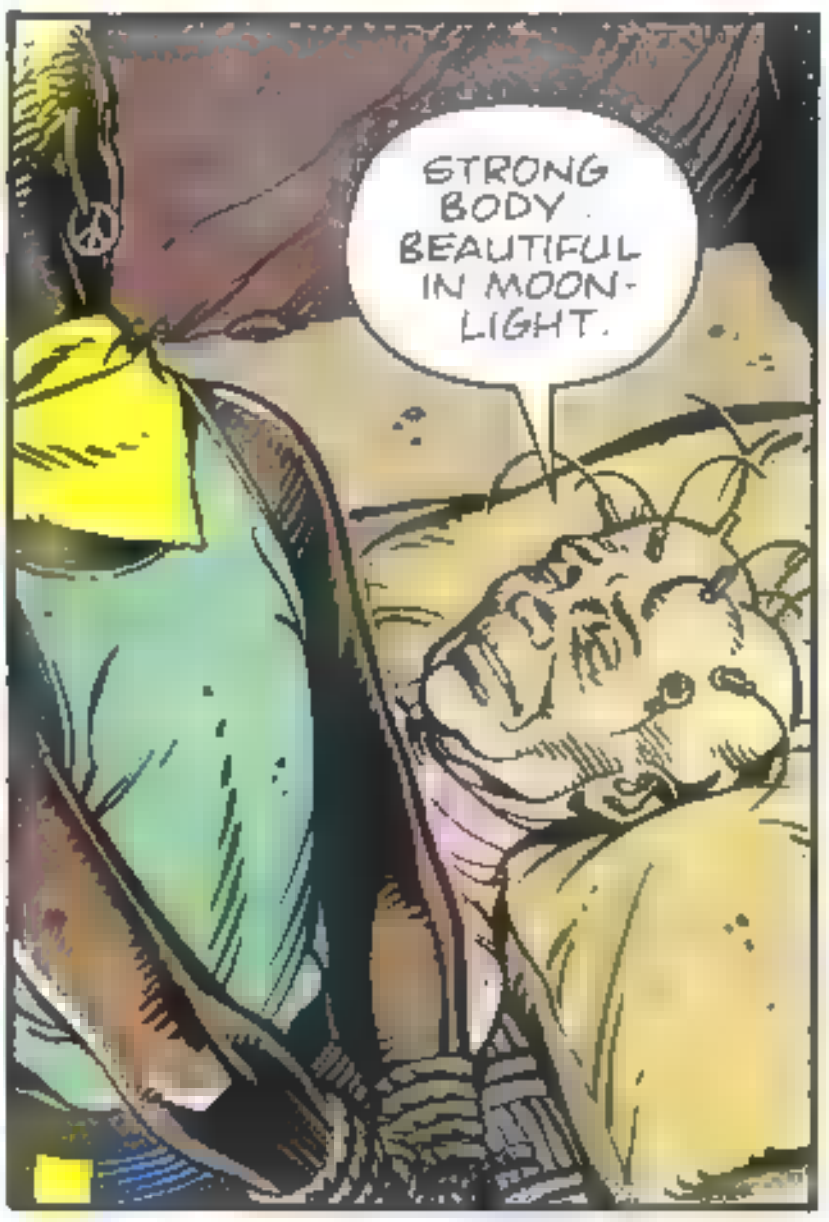
THEY THINK THEY'LL GET *MONEY* FOR ME...

FEW DAYS ALONG THEY'RE ALL *OVER* ME WITH QUESTIONS ABOUT THEIR *COMPUTERS*.

HAD A BETTER SYSTEM AT THE *GREEN*. *THIS* ONE WAS BUILT BEFORE I WAS *BOR.J*. IT'S A *MESS*.

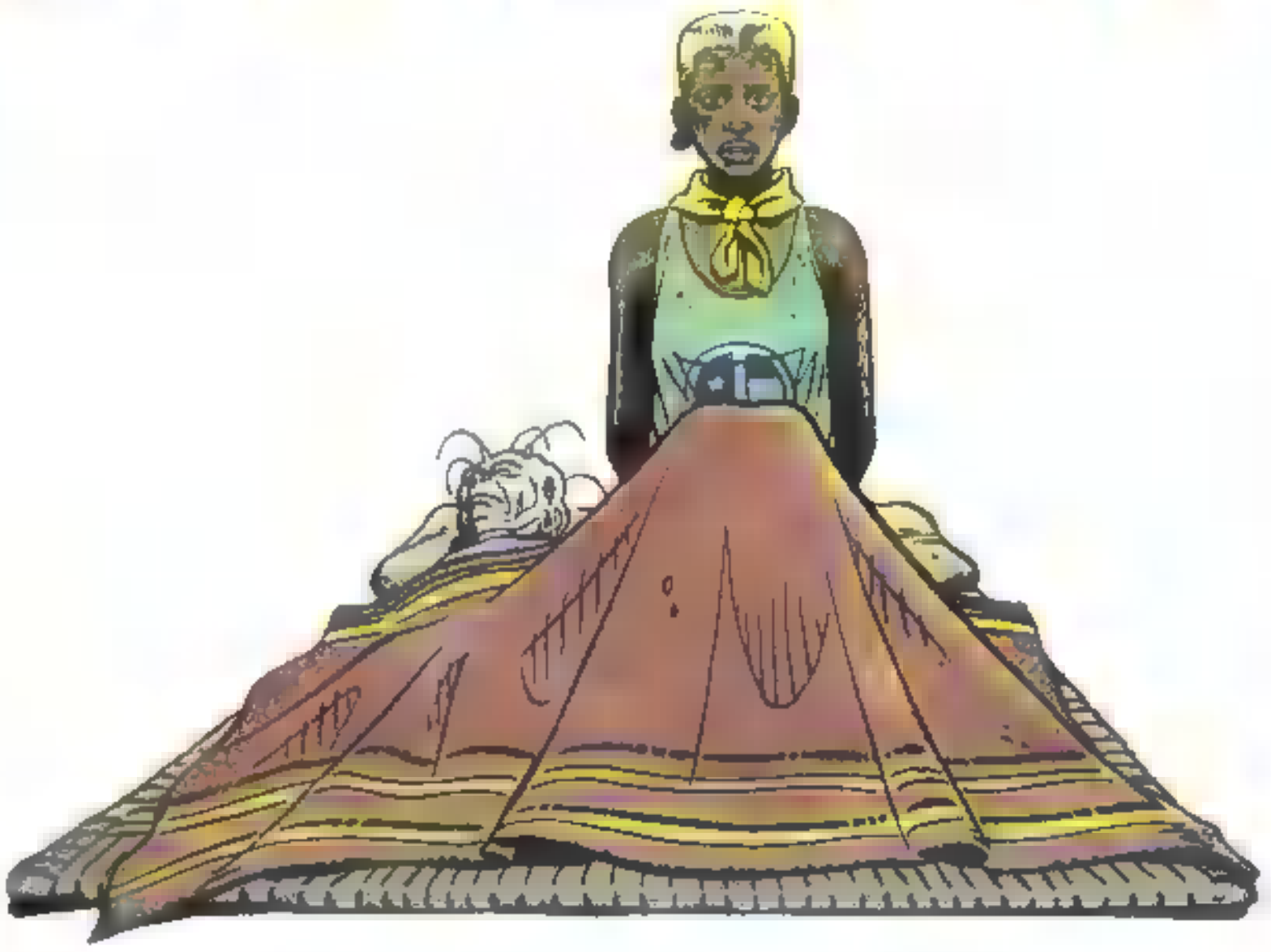



MMMFF


STRONG BODY BEAUTIFUL IN MOON-LIGHT.







--CROTCH IS DEAD--BUT THE ARYAN THRUST CANNOT BE STOPPED--

-- AMERICA'S FUTURE IS WHITE--AND MALE--AND GAY.

CREDITED WITH THWARTING THE ARYAN THRUST'S ATTEMPTED SEIZURE OF THE LASER CANNON:

AMAZON WAR HERO COLONEL STANFORD MORETTI --TODAY APPOINTED DIRECTOR OF DOMESTIC PEACE FORCE OPERATIONS--

--MAKING HIM THE YOUNGEST TO EVER REACH THE POST--

THEY CROPPED ME, THE BASTARDS-- I WAS RIGHT THERE --

--THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES AND THEY CROP ME...

EXCUSE ME, SIR -- BUT IT'S COLONEL MORETTI --AND THE VICE PRESIDENT...

--TOP OF YOUR CLASS --THE SON OF A CONGRESS-MAN, BROTHER TO THE SENATE LEADER--IS THIS A STEPPING STONE TO POLITICAL OFFICE-- THE PRESIDENCY?

I'M JUST A SOLDIER, MA'AM. THANKS FOR ASKING.

...MEDIA WAS ALL OVER ME WHEN THOSE NAZI FAGGOT BASTARDS TAKE THE CANNON BUT I GET IT RIGHT AND NOBODY CAN SAY I DIDN'T I GET IT RIGHT AND THEY DON GIVE ME THE CREDIT...

YES, SIR.

SIR, THE VICE PRESIDENT. HE SAYS IT'S AN EMERGENCY.

--SCANDAL AT THE WHITE HOUSE--

IT'S ALWAYS AN EMERGENCY. AND GUESS WHO HAS TO FIX IT...

GLUG

I'LL SEND THEM RIGHT IN, SIR.

--AS FIRST LADY AMANDA NISSEN FILES SUIT FOR DIVORCE, CALLING HER HUSBAND A DRUNK AND AN ADULTERER--

--AND DECLARING HERSELF A CANDIDATE IN NEXT YEAR'S ELECTION --RUNNING AGAINST HER OWN HUSBAND ON THE FIRST SEX TICKET--

-- NO GRATITUDE --NOT FROM ANYBODY--

MEDICAL -- HE'S CUT HIS HAND.

HOUSEKEEPING. HE'LL BE NEEDING ANOTHER TELEVISION...

--AN IMMINENT THREAT TO OUR NATIONAL SECURITY, MR. PRESIDENT -- AN EXECUTIVE ORDER IS REQUIRED.

RIGHT. OKAY. WHERE I SIGN?

JUST A MOMENT, HOWARD--THE COLONEL'S PLAN INVOLVES NOT ONLY KILLING A FINE PAX OFFICER --

--BUT AN UNSPEAKABLE ACT OF GENOCIDE.

WE ARE IN NEGOTIATION WITH THE APACHES-- WE'RE MAKING PROGRESS--

THIS ADMINISTRATION MUST NOT GIVE AN INCH TO TERRORISM.

LOOK, YOU TWO JUST SORT IT OUT BETWEEN YOURSELVES. I'M TIRED.

NO, SIR --THAT WON'T DO -- THE COLONEL IS TRYING TO MANIPULATE YOU --

HANDS OFF ME... SHIT MY SHIRT... JESUS... LOOK AT MY SHIRT...

--HE'S COUNTING ON YOU TO BE SO DRUNK YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING!

ALL I'VE DONE FOR YOU AND YOU TALK TO ME LIKE THAT JESUS... ALL I'M CARRYING ON MY SHOULDERS JESUS...

...YOU WE'RE NOTHING YOU COULDNA GOTTEN ELECTED DOG CATCHER... JUSS LIKE ALL OF THEM... JESUS...

GIVE ME THAT BOTTLE, SIR.

MY BOTTLE MY BOTTLE ITS ALWAYS MY BOTTLE I'LL GIVE YOU MY BOTTLE...

SKRESSH

SIR, YOU'RE GOING TO HURT YOURSOOA-AGGGG-GGG

SHUNKK

GGGLLAAHHH

...GIVYOU MY BOTTLE YBASSARD...

TIRED. WANNA SLEEP.

JUST SIGN HERE, MR. PRESIDENT. THEN YOU SLEEP.

PRESICENT

HOUSE-KEEPING-- HE'S KILLED SOMEBODY. CLEAN IT UP--

--AND GET HIM ANOTHER BOTTLE

KAFF

NEVER COUGHED BEFORE-- NOT IN MY WHOLE LIFE--

GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE.

NO NANICS OR PARANODES LUNCH BOX OUT.

SCHIZO-PHRENICS. HEAR INSIDE.

TIME LIKE EGG. HEAR INSIDE.

LIMBICON NOT FLOP ON CANNON.

WIREHEADS LIKE RAGGYANN TALK. TO. FROM. INOUTPUT. TALK CAN HEAR WIRE-HEADS.

NAZI FIRE NOT FLOP. WIREHEADS AGREE. WIREHEADS AGREE DO NAZI FIRE. NO LUNCH BOX.

NO ZIPLOCK. WIREHEADS NOT FLOP.

NGG

NGGNO--

WHHNGG

BREKK

HAGG

NFF

KBLAMM

THOK

THNKK



BLAM

BASTARD-- KILL YOU--

BAS...

THNKK

BLAM

A CAT.

OF COURSE.



THE SPIN TEAM HAS BEEN WORKING ALL NIGHT, MR. PRESIDENT. YOUR SCRIPT IS READY.

UHNNN... DID SOMETHING HAPPEN...?

FOLLOWING THE MURDER OF VICE PRESIDENT ESTEVEZ BY APACHE TERRORISTS, PRESIDENT NISSEN IMPOSED A NEWS BLACKOUT IN THE MEXICAN TERRITORY...

... AND PROMISED SWIFT, DECISIVE ACTION TO RESOLVE THE APACHE CRISIS.

NISSEN REFUSED TO RULE OUT THE POSSIBILITY OF MILITARY INTERVENTION...

YOU'RE JUST A SIDE ORDER, WASHINGTON. THIS ONE SWEET MOVE OF MINE WILL RUIN THAT STUPID DRUNK OF A PRESIDENT...

... AND MAKE ME THE MOST POWERFUL SON OF A BITCH ON THIS PLANET...

MORETTI...?

... JUST A SIDE ORDER...BUT A DAMN DELICIOUS ONE--

I SWORE YOU'D DIE FOR IT THE SECOND YOU SHOVED THAT BAYONET BETWEEN MY RIBS--

-- AND HERE NISSEN WAS, PRIMING YOU TO BECOME A MEDIA EVENT. "SHE'S PERFECT," HE SAID...

"SHE'S BLACK. GREW UP POOR. WOULD'VE ENDED UP A JUNKIE OR A HOOKER IF IT WEREN'T FOR PAX..."

Five minutes to dock. Commencing braking sequence.

WELCOME, COLONEL. I'M HAPPY TO REPORT THAT WE ARE *READY*. WE ARE *PRIMED*.

VERY GOOD, CAPTAIN.

NO, WASHINGTON, SAYS RAGGYANN, JUST LIKE SHE WAS MORETTI, YOU'LL NEVER MAKE THE HISTORY BOOKS.

WON'T EVEN SCORE A *FOOTNOTE*.


P·A·X
P
A
X
You're never too
young to join!



3: HEALTH & WELFARE

DISEASE IS NOT CONFINED TO THE BODY IT IS IN THE MIND IT IS IN THE SOUL AND IT IS KILLING THIS COUNTRY

AMERICA IS KILLING ITSELF WITH BAD HABITS. BAD ATTITUDES--

--AND BAD MUSIC.

THE SURGEON GENERAL DECLARED THE SOUTHWEST RADIOACTIVE ZONE A 'PHYSICAL. MORAL AND ESTHETIC BLIGHT'..

--CONDEMNING THE GROWING POPULARITY OF THE MUTANT MUSICAL GROUP SEVERE TIRE DAMAGE--

--AND REQUESTING AUTHORITY TO STERILIZE THE RADIOACTIVE ZONE WITH SPACE CANNON LASER FIRE

NOR SHOULD THE USERS OF THIS POISON TO THE EAR AND PSYCHE BE SPARED THE WRATH OF THE HEALTHY

PRESIDENT NISSEN REFUSED TO COMMENT ON THIS LATEST DEMAND FOR EXPANSION OF THE HEALTH ENFORCEMENT DEPARTMENT--

--NOR ON WIDE-SPREAD RUMORS THAT THE APACHE NATION'S TERRORIST ASSASSINATION OF VICE PRESIDENT ESTEVEZ WAS ONLY THE FIRST BLOW OF A GREATER WAR.

WHEN WE RETURN: CONGRESS APPROVES A HEALTH ENFORCEMENT CRACKDOWN ON ILLEGAL 'BEEFEASYS'--

FAT BOY®

--WHILE THE OUTLAW FAT BOY BURGERS CORPORATION WARNS THAT PROTEST SUICIDES BY BEEF ADDICTS WILL CONTINUE UNTIL THE 94TH AMENDMENT IS REPEALED...

REAL FOOD-- REAL PEOPLE-- AAAAA

I SAID TURN OFF THE JUICE-- WHAT? WELL, THEN GET THE AUTHORIZATION AND HURRY-- IT SMELLS TERRIBLE DOWN HERE!

FAT BOY

STEIN NER

IT'S ALL RIGHT, SIR I WAS JUST TRYING TO HELP YOU RELAX.

HELP ME. JESUS YOU'VE GOT NO IDEA

EVERY MOVE I MAKE... THEY WATCH ME. THEY TALK ABOUT ME. AND THEY HATE ME... I'M SORRY THAT'S PARANOID IT'S THE JOB IT'S SO DAMN HARD

GLUG

YOU DON'T OWE THEM ANY MORE THAN YOU'VE ALREADY GIVEN THEM, SIR.

WHAT, YOU MEAN I SHOULD QUIT? AND LET THAT TWIT SPELLING TAKE OVER. 'PRESIDENT SPELLING'! I CAN JUST SEE IT

NO. I'M NEEDED THIS COUNTRY IS ON THE BRINK OF CIVIL WAR. JESUS. I'M NEEDED.

JUST TRY TO SLEEP, SIR.

THERE'S SOMETHING ELSE I GOT REALLY DRUNK LAST NIGHT AND SIGNED SOMETHING AND I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT WAS.

EXECUTIVE ORDER

TO: **GEN. LUCIUS SPANK,** Commander, Joint Chiefs Of Staff

FROM: **THE CHIEF**

February 16, 2011 3:04 A.M.

This order is to be destroyed immediately after you have committed its contents to memory.

Bear in mind that any discussion of this Order with anyone under any circumstances will force me to use Executive Privilege as defined in the 36th Amendment. Your summary court-martial and execution will be the price of disobedience.

You will instruct Peace Force Lt. Colonel Stanford Moretti to deploy laser fire from an orbiting laser cannon to eradicate the Apache Nation from the face of the earth.

You will falsify evidence to the effect that the Apache Nation is readying a nuclear strike on Washington, D.C..

This operation must leave no survivors and will be carried out by sunrise tomorrow morning.

Best to Helena and the kids.

Nixon

PRESIDENT

WELCOME ABOARD, COLONEL. ALL SYSTEMS ARE SECURE POWER LEVELS AT MAXIMUM.

WE WILL BE READY FOR DEPLOYMENT IN EXACTLY FIVE MINUTES.

VERY GOOD, CAPTAIN. I'M COUNTING ON A **CLEAN HIT**.

THE **APACHES** MUSTN'T GET A CHANCE TO LAUNCH THOSE ANTIQUE **NUKES** OF THEIRS ONE'S BOUND TO MAKE IT THROUGH THE **GRID**

YES, SIR NUKES AND THEN THERE'S THAT **PEACE FORCE** OPERATIVE, SGT. **MARTHA WASHINGTON**.

I'M SURPRISED YOU KNOW HER **NAME**.

SHE'S POPPED UP IN YOUR **FILE** FREQUENTLY ENOUGH. CAUSED A BIT OF **GOSSIP** IN THE **EYES ONLY** CROWD.

YOU'RE A STAR ON THE **RISE**, COLONEL MORETTI. ON YOUR WAY TO THE **TOP**...

... AND **WASHINGTON** IS A **NOBODY**. YOU'VE MADE **SURE** OF THAT.

I'M **SURE** I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE **TALKING** ABOUT, CAPTAIN.

P·A·X

JUST **CURIOUS**, MORETTI. IT'S AN AWFUL LOT OF **POWER** TO USE ON A LITTLE **GIRL**.

YOU'RE OUT OF **LINE**, BABE.

IT'S **DAWN** AND I'M PROBABLY GOING TO **DIE**.

I WISH THERE WERE SOME WAY I COULD **TELL** YOU WHAT WAS **COMING**, WASHINGTON. I'D **LOVE** TO SEE YOUR **FACE**.

SHUT UP, RAGGYANN THAT'S NOT **YOU** TALKING.

CAN'T NOT, MARTHA. **DEEPSHIT. MORETTI** YOU BASTARD. **TALK** THINK. HERE **COMES**. NO **ZIPLOCK**.

IT'S JUST LIKE THE CAPTAIN **SAID**, WASHINGTON. I'M ON MY WAY TO THE **TOP** AND MAYBE IT'D BE **SMARTER** TO LEAVE YOU WHERE YOU **ARE**...

...BUT A GUY'S GOT TO HAVE HIS **FUN**...

SHUT UP...

RAGGYANN'S **PSYCHIC**. WOULDN'T TAKE A **GENIUS** TO FIGURE SHE'S **SAYING** WHAT MORETTI'S **THINKING**.

HE'S GOT A **SPACE CANNON** AND IT'S AIMED AT **ME**.

THREE MINUTES, DOLL. **ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY SECONDS** AND I'M **COUNTING** THEM...

THEY MADE THE **KNOTS** TOO **GOOD** FOR ME, THIS TIME.

ONLY **ONE GUARD** BETWEEN **ME** AND THAT **JEEP**...

THAT'S **FAR ENOUGH**, WASHINGTON! I'VE GOT **ORDERS**.

EVERY-BODY HERE IS ABOUT TO DIE.

IF YOU COULD ONLY **HEAR** IT, SWEET-HEART...

Orbit fixed. Targeting systems locked. No errors found reading system.

BACK AWAY FROM THAT JEEP. I'VE GOT ORDERS.

CHKCHAKK

THEN I GUESS YOU'VE GOT A DECISION TO MAKE, MISTER.

Ninety-five seconds to ignition.

WHUKK

Maximum firepower.

Option to abort expired.

KRAKK

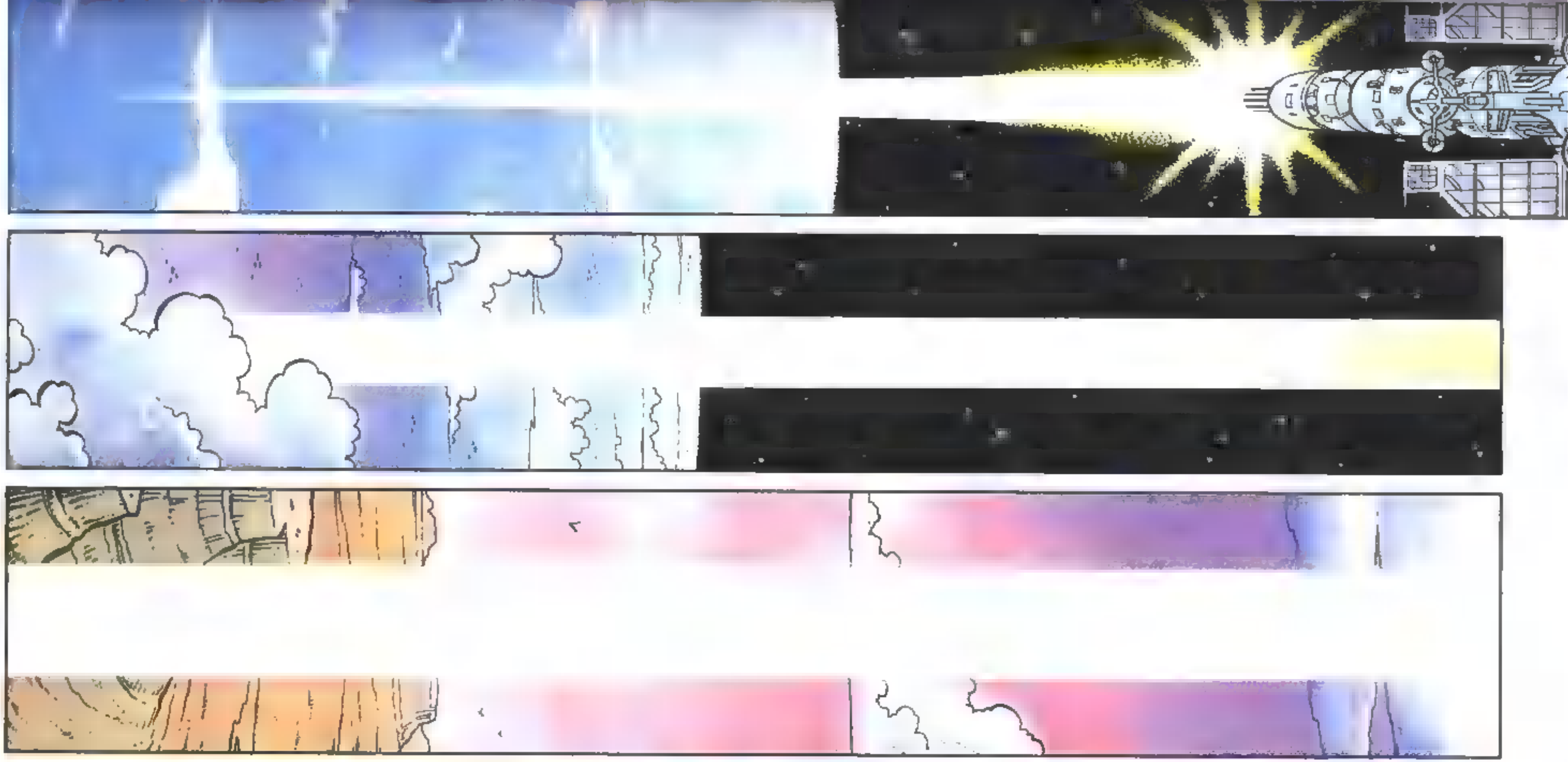
SIXTY-EIGHT SECONDS AND YOU'RE A **CRISPY CRITTER**

Ignition imminent.

COLONEL? IT'S KEYED TO YOUR VOICE. I THOUGHT YOU'D APPRECIATE THAT.

FIRE CANNON.

HERE IT **COMES**, YOU **BITCH**.







--SURPRISE **LASER CANNON ATTACK** INCINERATES THE TERRORIST **APACHE NATION'S** NUCLEAR THREAT TO OUR NATIONAL SECURITY.

Special Report

THE **SURGEON GENERAL** HAS **APPLAUDED** THIS LATEST LASER DEPLOYMENT AND DISPATCHED **HEALTH ENFORCEMENT** TROOPS TO COMPLETE THE 'DISINFECTION' PROCESS.

THE NAME OF THE HEROIC **PEACE FORCE** OFFICER KILLED IN THE EXCHANGE HAS BEEN WITHHELD PENDING NOTIFICATION OF THE NEXT OF KIN...

THE RECORD WILL SHOW THAT YOUR DAUGHTER DIED IN THE LINE OF **DUTY**, MRS. WASHINGTON.

SHE WAS DEARLY LOVED AT **PAX**. PLEASE BELIEVE THAT AS HER **COMMANDING OFFICER**...

P.A.X

... HER DEATH IS A **PERSONAL** LOSS TO ME. WE WERE LIKE BROTHER AND SISTER...

♪

MELTING ICE CAPS MEAN **BIG BUCKS** FOR ENTREPRENEUR **JAMES DWINELL**, WHO INTRODUCED THE **AQUACAB** TO MANHATTAN'S SUB-MERGED STREETS

ONE WAY

DON'T WALK

AQUACABS

CRANKY AS EVER, THE CITY'S GONE BACK TO WORK.

IN A RELATED STORY, HEROIC **PEACE FORCE** TROOPS HAVE INTERVENED IN THE MANHATTAN-BROOKLYN **WAR**, NOW IN ITS THIRD WEEK...

...WHILE MANHATTAN BOROUGH PRESIDENT **BELUGA** VOWS THAT THE SHELLING WILL CONTINUE:

HEY, **WE'RE** NOT HURTING. THIS IS A **GREAT** TOWN TO LIVE IN. THE **GREATEST**

PRESIDENT NISSEN TODAY DENIED **CHARGES** THAT PEACE FORCE INVOLVEMENT WILL ONLY **ESCALATE** THE CONFLICT...

GID LOST. YOU DON KNOW **SHIT**.

...THE **LATEST** UNPOPULAR MOVE BY THE MAN ONCE KNOWN AS THE 'SAVIOR OF THE SOUL OF AMER'CA'...

...WHO NOW FACES A 98% DISAPPROVAL RATE NATIONWIDE.

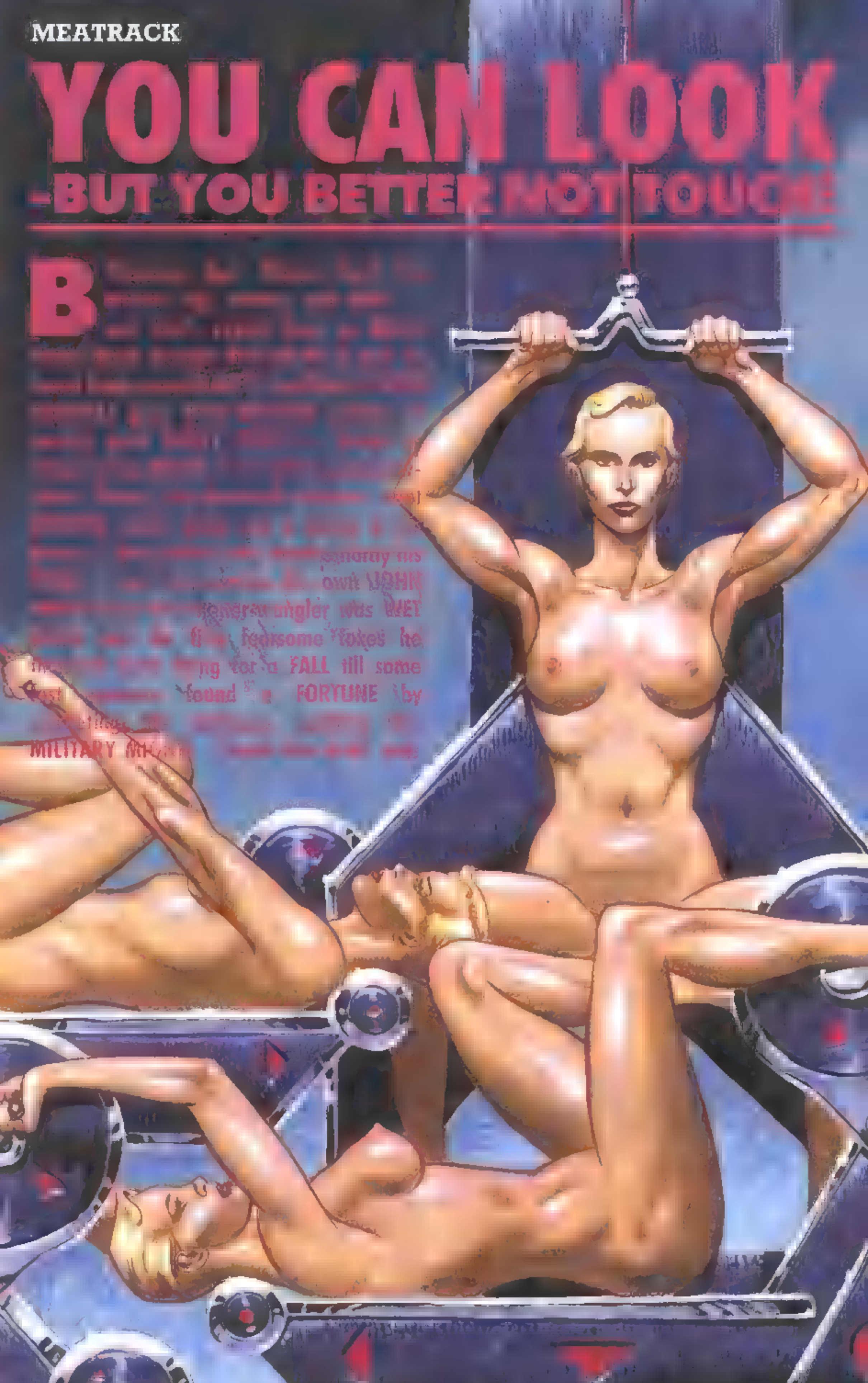
NISSEN MUST GO

HANG IT UP HOWIE

A NATIONWIDE POLL INDICATES A GROUNDSWELL OF SUPPORT FOR FORMER PRESIDENT **ERWIN REXALL**, STILL COMATOSE AFTER TWO YEARS...

MEATRACK

YOU CAN LOOK
-BUT YOU BETTER NOT TOUCH!



I WAS SURPRISED BY YOUR CALL, MRS WASHINGTON I DON T THINK THIS IS WISE.

HE'S RIGHT, MOMMA. YOU'RE NOT DOING YOURSELF ANY GOOD THOSE NIGHTMARES YOU'VE BEEN HAVING...

QUIET, JOHN I WON'T BELIEVE MY BABY'S DEAD UNTIL I SEE HER

I'M AFRAID THERE ISN'T MUCH TO **SEE**, MRS. WASHINGTON THE **HEAT** WAS **INCREDIBLE**...

NOW PLEASE. LET'S NOT MAKE THIS ANY WORSE

COME ON, MOMMA. THIS IS NO GOOD. LET'S GO.

IF I HAD MY SAY ABOUT IT, THERE'D BE A THIRTY GUN SALUTE -- A HUNDRED **PAX** OFFICERS IN FULL DRESS...

...BUT WE'VE HAD SUCH BUDGET CUTS...

IT'S ALL RIGHT, COLONEL WE'D LIKE TO BE ALONE WITH HER. IF YOU DON'T MIND.

YOU WON'T ARGUE WITH ME ABOUT IT ANYMORE, JOHN MY BABY ISN'T DEAD. I'D KNOW IT IF MY BABY WAS DEAD THEY SHOWED US NOTHING BUT A BURNT SKELETON THAT COULD'VE BEEN ANYBODY AND IT WASN'T MARTHA.

YES, MOMMA.

I DON'T KNOW WHY THEY'RE DOING THIS BUT IT'S NOT LIKE IT WAS WITH KEN I KNEW HE WAS DEAD BEFORE THEY EVEN TOLD US IT'S NOT LIKE IT WAS WITH KEN MARTHA'S ALIVE AND SHE'LL FIND A WAY TO LET US KNOW SO WE'LL GO HOME AND WAIT FOR HER

YES, MOMMA

MARTHA WASHINGTON 1995-2011

I'D CONSIDER IT A **PERSONAL** FAVOR IF YOU'D KEEP WASHINGTON'S NAME OUT OF THE **MEDIA**, BIFF.

SHE'D HAVE **WANTED** IT THAT WAY.

TOOK ME AT LEAST A *MINUTE* TO GO ALL THE WAY AROUND THIS *TREE*. IT'S *HUGE*... AND IT'S *OLD*, ISN'T IT? REALLY OLD.

OLDER THAN ANY LIVING THING ON *EARTH*, MARGARET. DIDN'T THEY EVER TEACH YOU ABOUT THE *REDWOODS* IN *SCHOOL*?

SHE KEEPS CALLING ME *MARGARET*. THAT'S *NOT* MY *NAME*.

WISH I COULD *SEE* THEM. I LIKE TREES.

WHAT'S THAT *SOUND* -- LIKE *HORNETS*...

NO, MARGARET. YOU'RE *IMAGINING* THINGS AGAIN.

HELICOPTERS. *DOZENS* OF THEM. THEY'RE COMING FOR *ME* AND I'M *BLIND* I CAN'T EVEN *SEE* THEM --

NO, MARGARET. THAT'S JUST A *DELUSION*.

BE *STILL*, MARGARET. YOU'RE JUST *IMAGINING* THINGS.

I CAN'T EVEN *BREATHE* IT'S SO *HOT* AND MY NAME'S NOT *MARGARET* IT'S *MARTHA* --

LET *GO* OF ME--

FFT

LEGGO

DON'T WORRY, MARGARET. EVERYTHING WILL BE ALL RIGHT.

WILL YOU LOOK AT THE *TIME*! YOU'RE DUE IN *GROUP THERAPY*.

NO ... NOT *GROUP*...

GRI

MARTHA WASHINGTON...

COCHISE. RECORD.

YES, SIR. RECORDING.

BABY'S BREATH WASSERSTEIN, PERSONAL NOTES APRIL FIFTH, 2011. THE APACHE NATION IS DEAD.

BUT THIS IS NO TIME FOR *SENTIMENT*...

EIGHTY PER CENT OF THE APACHE PEOPLE SUFFERED FROM *LUNG DISEASE* AND *SKIN CANCER*.

THE *DRUGS* WERE GREAT, BUT THE *APACHE NATION* JUST WASN'T A VERY GOOD IDEA TO *BEGIN* WITH.

EVEN SO, I HAVE TO FIND OUT **WHO** WAS BEHIND THIS. AND **WHY**. MAYBE I'M BEING **SENTIMENTAL** AFTER ALL...

...OR MAYBE I'M JUST TRYING TO AVOID GOING BACK TO **DAD'S** UTTERLY BORING **BUSINESS**.

COCHISE. THE **CAVE**. LOSE IT.

WHOOF!

YES, SIR!

ALWAYS **OVER-DOING** IT, COCHISE. GET THE **CAR**.

YES, SIR. I'M SORRY ABOUT OVER-DOING IT, SIR.

NOT **DADJOB**.

NOT **APACHE** FASHION. MARTHA ZIPLOCK.

MARTHA. STUCK IN HEAD. ZIPLOCK. STUCK IN HEAD.

IT'S TRUE. I CAN'T GET HER OUT OF MY MIND...

NEED **RAGGYANN**. MARTHA'S BEST FRIEND. NO **LUNCH**.

THIS ISN'T MY PLACE. THIS ISN'T MY STUFF.

SNOWDEN

YOU HAVEN'T EVEN TOUCHED YOUR DINNER, MARGARET. NEED HELP GETTING IT OPEN?

YOU KNOW YOU HAVE TO KEEP YOUR STRENGTH UP, MARGARET.

NO. THERE'S DRUGS IN THE FOOD. I DON'T WANT NO MORE DRUGS.

THERE'S A LOT MORE DRUGS IN THIS, MARGARET.

THAT'S NOT MY NAME.

YOU LITTLE TWAT. DO YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING TO ME?

SHE TALKS SO I KNOW WHERE SHE IS.

SOMETHING HEAVY FALLS RIGHT INTO MY HAND.

HUKK

FIST LIKE A *HAMMER* IN MY STOMACH--*RIB* BREAKS--

IF I COULD *SEE* HER I COULD *FIGHT* HER--

JUST LIKE YOU *WANT*-- NO MORE *DRUGS*--NOT *TODAY*--

NO *DRUGS*-- YOU'LL FEEL EVERY *SECOND* OF THIS YOU *TWAT*--

SNOWDEN

OPEN DOOR.

YES, SIR.

--*DOOR HISSES*. HAZEL BREATHES IN. SCARED.

SIR-- I'M *SORRY*, SIR.

HUK HHU*UKK*K

BLOOD EXCHANGED. BAD.

SNAK

MM *GMM* PHAAA *AAA*

CRUNCHH

*SHKKK*K

AAAA AAHH HGG.

BAD NURSE.

BAD CLONE.

BURN BODY. CLEAN FLOOR.

ZAG

YES, SIR.

GET NEW NURSE. NEW CLONE. TO ASSIST. IMPORTANT PATIENT. GET SPECIAL ATTENTION.

YES, SIR.

FILTHY PATIENT. IMPORTANT PATIENT. GET SPECIAL ATTENTION.

YES, SIR.

FILTHY. BOTH. NEW GLOVES.

YES, SIR.

THIS WASHINGTON -- SHE'S A DIFFICULT SUBJECT, SIR.

SNOWDEN. MARGARET SNOWDEN. HER NAME. MARGARET SNOWDEN. WORLD MUST BELIEVE THAT HER NAME. THEN SHE WILL.

PRETTY NAME. SHE LIKES IT.

AND WHAT DO YOU WANT, MR. CHAPLIN?

CLEAN! I WANT TO BE CLEAN!

NO MORE BAD HABITS. NO MORE BAD HABITS.

IMPORTANT PATIENT. MANY SECRETS. MANY SKILLS. AM PAYING SPECIAL ATTENTION. IS GETTING SPECIAL ATTENTION.

YES, SIR. I DON'T MEAN TO MAKE EXCUSES, BUT HER RESISTANCE IS AMAZING. RIGHT OFF THE CHARTS.

WE HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO BREAK THROUGH. THERE HAS YET TO EMERGE A SINGLE ARCHE-TYPE. NOT EVEN A HIDDEN MEMORY

I CAN'T BELIEVE THIS!

IT'S REALITY THERAPY, MR. NEWCOMB--

--TOUCH YOURSELF WHERE YOU SHOULDN'T AND THIS IS WHAT HAPPENS. IT'S FOR YOUR OWN GOOD.

I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU DID THIS... I COULD KILL YOU.

AMPUTATE LEFT HAND. NO ANESTHETIC.

YES, SIR. RIGHT AWAY, SIR.

I CAN'T BELIEVE I'M PAYING FOR THIS.

SNOWDEN HAS DISCIPLINED MIND. STRONG MIND. SPECIAL MEASURES REQUIRED. PREPARE BRAINFEED.

YES, SIR... SIR--CAN I WATCH?

NO. TOO PERSONAL.

I CAN'T SEE.

I DON'T KNOW WHERE I AM.

I CAN'T REMEMBER MY NAME.

MUSIC STARTS AGAIN. I DON'T LIKE IT. I REALLY HATE IT.

EVERY TIME IT'S WORSE. EVERY TIME HE DIGS DEEPER.

I CAN'T REMEMBER MY NAME.

ALL THAT'S LEFT ARE LITTLE PIECES.

HE PULLS THEM OUT OF ME.

HE MAKES THEM HURT UNTIL THEY GO AWAY.

A HAND ON MY BREAST.

IT'S SNOWING AND THERE'S A HAND ON MY BREAST.

MY NIPPLE IS REALLY HARD AND I'M SCARED.

I TELL THE BOY NO.

THEN THE MUSIC MAKES ME HURT.

IT GOES AWAY.

THEN HE MAKES ME SO HAPPY I CRY.

I HATE HIM.

I HATE HIS MUSIC.

I CAN'T REMEMBER MY MOM'S NAME.

HE MAKES IT ALL GO AWAY

HE MAKES ME GO AWAY.

FOR THE LONGEST TIME I **FLOAT** AND IT'S REALLY SCARY. THEN **VOICES** START **TALKING** TO ME. **NICE** VOICES.

EVEN THOUGH I CAN'T **FEEL** IT THEY'RE GIVING ME NEW **EYES**. I'LL BE ABLE TO **SEE**.

AND THEY'RE **TELLING** ME WHO I **AM** AND THE **MEMORIES** ARE RUSHING IN AND I **KNOW** WHO I **AM**...

THE NEW PERSONALITY IS **TAKING**, SIR. SHE SEEMS TO **WELCOME** IT.

CONGRAT-ULATIONS, SIR. I BELIEVE THIS IS A **FIRST**.

FIRST. ONLY USED ON ROBOTS BEFORE. COLLATE MILITARY SECRETS FROM WASHINGTON MEMORY. PREPARE SNOWDEN FOR DUTY.

SMALLEST I **GOT**, SON-- AND IT'S ALL **YOURS**.

AND **HOLD MY CALLS**, COULD YOU? **JET LAG**. THAT **BED** IS CALLING MY **NAME**.

YES, GENERAL SPANK. THANK YOU, GENERAL SPANK. I HOPE YOU ENJOY YOUR STAY WITH US.

KLAK KONKLAKK

KLAK KONKLAKK

ThisWeek

December 14, 2011



A General's guilt revealed

EXECUTIVE ORDER : GENOCIDE

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

THE **MEDIA** IS **LYING** TO YOU, MY FRIENDS. THEY **FORGED** THAT BULLSH-- THAT ALLEGED **EXECUTIVE ORDER**...

UHHNNGGG... OH, HELL...

GHHA**AAKK** ...OH **SHIT**...

HHU**UUKKK**

GGG**HUKKK**

OVERCOME BY SUDDEN **NAUSEA**, **PRESIDENT NISSEN** WAS UNABLE TO RESPOND TO **EXPERT TESTIMONY**--

--PROVING THAT THE **SIGNATURE** ON THE SO-CALLED '**GENOCIDE ORDER**' WAS UNMISTAKEABLY **HIS**...

Nissen

PRESIDENT

...EVEN AS A BIPARTISAN **CONGRESSIONAL VOTE** BEGAN THE PROCESS OF **IMPEACHMENT**...

...WHILE **PAX** TROOPS ARE HARD PRESSED TO DEFEND A WHITE HOUSE UNDER **SIEGE**.

STRANGELY, FEW OF THE RIOTING CITIZENS HAVE EVEN **HEARD** OF THE APACHE NATION ATROCITY WHICH LEFT TWO HUNDRED INNOCENTS AND A RACE DEAD...

IT IS AS IF THE INITIAL **PROTESTS** WERE THE **SPARK** TO IGNITE A NATIONAL **FURY**.

FUCK **THIS**.

RUMORS FLY --THAT A FULL **THIRD** OF THE **PAX** OFFICERS HAVE **WALKED** OFF THE **JOB**--

--AND THAT **PRESIDENT NISSEN** IS AT THIS MOMENT HOLDING A **SPECIAL MEETING** OF THE **CABINET** TO DISCUSS THE TERMS OF HIS **RESIGNATION**...

MR. PRESIDENT.

FRIENDS. PLEASE. BE SEATED.

FRIENDS. YOU KNOW, SOMETIMES IT'S JUST WHEN THINGS SEEM **WORST** THAT A **VISION** CAN HIT YOU...

...AND I KNOW HOW **CONCERNED** YOU ALL ARE ABOUT THE **FUTURE** OF THIS **ADMINISTRATION**...

...WELL, HOW DO I **SAY** IT WITHOUT JUST BLURTING IT **OUT**...?

...WE NEED A **WAR**, MY FRIENDS. THE **BIG** KIND.

I CAN TELL BY YOUR **FACES** YOU AREN'T GETTING IT. I MEAN, IT'S **BOLD**, SURE, BUT IT **ALWAYS WORKS**.

FEW MILLION DEAD AND NOBODY'LL EVEN **REMEMBER** THOSE DAMN **APACHES**...JESUS...

...WHAT AM I **TALKING** ABOUT...?

...SORRY. JUST MAKING BAD JOKE...

...BAD JOKE. DON'T FEEL WELL. GOING TO BED NOW.

SHAKK

MORETTI. WHAT...?

SHAKK

RICHARD. WHAT'RE YOU ...JESUS...

GUYS. OH GOD IT HURTS...

SHAKK

TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

TO THE PRESIDENT.

CONGRATULATIONS, BILL.

WE CAN STILL CALL YOU BILL, CAN'T WE?

COURSE YOU CAN. GUYS, YOU'RE NOT GOING TO REGRET THIS.

SO. UH. MORETTI. UH. WHAT'S OUR NEXT MOVE, HUH?

CENTRAL --WE'VE GOT AN ASSASSINATION. BANQUET HALL. SEAL ALL EXITS AND SEND EVERY MAN YOU'VE GOT...

...CENTRAL...?

HOUSEKEEPING WILL BRING YOU NEW CLOTHES. THEN YOU LEAVE AT RANDOM INTERVALS.

DO YOU STILL WANT TO SEE ME TONIGHT, COLONEL?

HKHUUKK ...GHUYSS...

USUAL TIME, USUAL PLACE, HON.

SEE YOU ALL IN THE MORNING.

KIK CHK-CHAKK

WHAT THE HELL...

CHRIST. OH CHRIST MORETTI THIS ISN'T FUNNY--

IT'S JUST STUCK--IT'S OKAY--HE WOULDN'T--

OH SHIT--OH SHIT--

EVENING, COLONEL.

SERGEANT. HOW'S THE WIFE?

P·A·X

P·A·X

FUNNY YOU SHOULD ASK. SHE JUST --AA**AAAAA**

Fuel tank secured. Life support systems engaged. Oxygen supply at maximum. Reading lethal heat levels exterior. Please do not exit vehicle.

Unable to determine cause for driver airbag failure, Colonel.

HEY, DON'T APOLOGIZE TO **ME**. **MY** BELT'S FASTENED.

SAFETY FIRST, I SAY.

WE ARE AS YET UNABLE TO CONFIRM REPORTS THAT **PRESIDENT NISSEN** AND HIS ENTIRE **CABINET** HAVE BEEN KILLED.

THIS MARKS A BIZARRE AND HORRIBLE CASE OF HISTORY REPEATING ITSELF--

--BRINGING TO MIND THE **TERRORIST ATTACK** THAT LEFT **PRESIDENT REXALL** IN A COMA TWO YEARS AGO.

NUKE DEEP. NO **LUNCH**.

QUIET, RAGGYANN.

WE SHOULD BE GETTING **CLOSE**, COCHISE.

THREE HUNDRED YARDS TO SECURITY PERIMETER. I READ A **COPTER** COMING, SIR. BETTER FIND **COVER**.

BOTTLEBRAIN. **EGG** BEATER-**BOTTLEBRAIN**

QUIET, RAGGYANN.

HERE WE **ARE**, SWEETIE. **FORTRESS HEALTH**. THEY'LL FIX YOU UP **GOOD** HERE.

WHATEVER YOU SAY, BLOSSOM. I GUESS I JUST FEEL A LITTLE SORRY FOR MY **OLD** DOCTORS...

... I'M SURE THEY COULD USE THE **WORK** AND THEY WERE REAL **NICE**...

AND THEY DID A FINE JOB GETTING YOU **PREPPED**. BUT GETTING YOU BACK ON YOUR **FEET** AGAIN, THAT'LL TAKE THE **BEST**.

THE **SURGEON GENERAL** HIMSELF.

YES. I GUESS IT WILL AT THAT.

HEY. JUST REALIZED. I'LL HAVE A **PROSTATE** AGAIN, YES I WILL...

... THAT MEANS OLD **SURGEON GENERAL** WON'T BE THE ONLY BOY PLAYING **DOCTOR**...HEH...

ERWIN REXALL! THE **THINGS** YOU SAY!

26

STOP GIGGLING.

SNAKK

SNAKK

ANY SENSE OF HER, RAGGYANN?

NO MARTHA.

NO, NATHAN, EVERYTHING'S GREAT. I JUST MISSED YOU, THAT'S ALL.

NATHAN'S MY **BOYFRIEND**. STATIONED IN **APPALACHIA**.

WE'RE **ENGAGED**. WE'RE GOING TO GET **MARRIED**.

ACTUALLY, I TOOK **THREE** SHOWERS. SILLY, HUH? ALL I'M **WEARING** IS A **TOWEL**...

IT'S SO GREAT TO HEAR YOUR **VOICE**, HONEY. I'M COUNTING THE **DAYS**, YOU KNOW. TILL WE CAN BE **TOGETHER** ALL THE **TIME**.

TELL ME --WHAT ARE YOU **DOING**, RIGHT NOW? WHAT EXACTLY?

IT'S MY DAY **OFF** BUT ALL I FELT LIKE DOING WAS TAKING A **SHOWER** AND TALKING TO **YOU**.

...TAKE IT OFF.

WHAT...?

TAKE IT OFF, MARGARET. THE **TOWEL**. I WANT TO IMAGINE WHAT YOU LOOK LIKE.

MARGARET...? I DIDN'T **OFFEND** YOU, DID I?

NO, DARLING. I'M TAKING THE TOWEL OFF **NOW**. THERE. IT'S RIGHT AT MY **FEET**...

WHAT THE HELL...

WHOOM

COCHISE...

I KNOW, SIR. OVER-DOING IT AGAIN. I'M SORRY, SIR.

IT WON'T COME **OUT**.

IT WON'T COME **OUT**.

IT'S **BLOOD**.

I'LL CALL **HOUSEKEEPING**.

IT'S **BLOOD**

I'LL CALL **HOUSEKEEPING**.

NO REASON TO **CRY**.

THERE'S **NO REASON** AT ALL.

BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP

Sergeant Snowden. Red alert. Security breach on level thirty-one.

SEAL LEVELS TWENTY UP. OPEN ME A PATH ON TUBE ELEVEN.

Yes, Sergeant.

HOW MANY?

Reading two human heartbeats, one robot device.

FIRE-POWER?

Formidable. Includes **NAPE-G63** capability.

BUT ONLY TWO PEOPLE...

...RIGHT **TOOL** FOR THE **JOB**...

NO MORE BAD HABITS.

I'VE LOCATED THE NEAREST **DATA ACCESS CONSOLE**, SIR. RIGHT THIS **WAY**.

JUST A SECOND, COCHISE.

OH **GOD**. OH MY **GOD**.

OH MY **GOD**.

BRAKK

NO MORE BAD HABITS.

COCHISE. DON'T **RESTRAIN** YOURSELF.

YES, SIR. YOU'LL FIND THE **CONSOLE** RIGHT DOWN THE **HALL**.

THIRD DOOR ON YOUR **RIGHT**.

Use of particle beam on level thirty, Sergeant.

POOM

Reading twelve deaths. Data suggests you wait for back-up.

OVER-RIDE THAT CRAP, COMPUTER. MY PERSONAL AUTHORITY.

CHKCHAKK

Yes, Sergeant. Robot at five o'clock.

I SEE HIM.

OH, DEAR. MARTHA.

VERY SORRY, MA'AM. I DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS YOU.

KBLAMM

SQUEEEEEEE

NO MARTHA HERE. NO MARTHA.

ALL THIS WAY FOR NOTHING.

MARTHA. MARTHAFILE. REAL BIG. NO LUNCH.

CAPTURE IT. FAST.

NOT MARTHA.

KBLAMM

FFT FFT FFT

FFT FFT FFT

KBLAMM

INTRUDER NEUTRALIZED. DISPATCH CLEAN-UP CREW TO LEVEL THIRTY. DATA CONSOLE.

Yes, Sergeant.

UPLOAD.

ORDERS, SERGEANT?

...PREPARE BOTH FOR INTERROGATION.

SERGEANT -- ARE YOU ALL *RIGHT*?

JUST A HEADACHE. NEED TO TAKE A WALK.

IN THE WAKE OF SUCH HORROR, WE MUST EACH OF US HOLD TIGHT TO OUR *FAITH* IN OUR *STRENGTH* AS A PEOPLE.

UNTIL THIS *THREAT* TO OUR *NATIONAL SECURITY* HAS BEEN IDENTIFIED AND NEUTRALIZED, I HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO DECLARE THE UNITED STATES UNDER *MARTIAL LAW*.

P·A·X

MORETTI. CONGRATULATIONS ON *COUP*. WAS GOING TO MAKE PROPOSITION TO NISSEN. THIS BETTER.

THERE HAS BEEN NO *COUP*, SIR. I'M MERELY RUNNING AN *INTERIM GOVERNMENT* UNTIL *FREE ELECTIONS* CAN BE HELD.

PLEASE STATE YOUR *BUSINESS*.

NO ELECTION. THIS REXALL. NEVER STOPPED BEING PRESIDENT. STILL PRESIDENT.

HEH... NO, I DON'T REMEMBER *RESIGNING*, BY GOLLY...

SIR, HE'S JUST A GOD DAMNED *BRAIN*.

GOD'S COUNTRY

CLONE HIM NEW BODY. IN RETURN REXALL SURRENDER TERRITORY. SEPARATE GOVERNMENT. RULED BY SURGEON GENERAL.

YOU MAKE COUNTER OFFER. HAVE ONE HOUR. END TALK NOW.

YES, COLONEL. YOUR ORDER IS ***UNDERSTOOD***.

I AM SIMPLY REFUSING TO ***OBEY*** IT.

YOU'RE TALKING ***TREASON***, CAPTAIN.

WE NO LONGER ***RECOGNIZE*** THE ***AUTHORITY*** OF YOUR GOVERNMENT, SIR. THIS CANNON IS NOW IN SERVICE OF THE ***FIRST SEX CONFED-ERACY***.

SIR-- IT'S AN ***EMERGENCY*** --***TEXAS*** HAS ***SECEDED*** FROM THE ***UNION***. CALL THEMSELVES THE ***LONE STAR REPUBLIC***, NOW...

WHAT THE ***HELL*** IS ***HAPPENING***?

LOOKS LIKE ***NISSEN*** WAS DOING A BETTER JOB HOLDING IT ***TOGETHER*** THAN ANYBODY ***THOUGHT***.

COLONEL--***MANHATTAN*** HAS JUST DECLARED ITSELF AN ***INDEPENDENT DICTATORSHIP***!

GET ME ***SPACE CANNON TWELVE***. ORDER THEM TO GET INTO POSITION--

...AND WIPE ***FORTRESS HEALTH*** FROM THE FACE OF THE ***EARTH***!

ORDER ***ACKNOWLEDGED***, SIR. WE ARE ***TWENTY MINUTES*** FROM ***POSITION***.

WON'T BE ENOUGH. STUPID, MORETTI. ALL YOUR SECRETS. IN MY HANDS. FROM ***PAX*** SERGEANT. CAPTURED. APACHE NATION.

WASHINGTON? ***ALIVE***..?

SIR-- IT'S ***FLORIDA*** --THEY'VE FORMED AN ***ALLIANCE*** WITH ***CUBA***--IT LOOKS ***BAD***, SIR--

NOW YOU SEE WHAT ***MY*** DEFENSES DO.

MASSACHUSETTS, VERMONT, NEW HAMP-SHIRE, MAINE--THEY CALL THEMSELVES THE ***NEW ENGLAND FEDERATION***--

RHODE ISLAND WON'T EVEN RETURN OUR ***CALLS***--

WASHINGTON ***ALIVE***...?

--***RED ALERT***. CANNON IS ***TWELVE MINUTES*** FROM ***FIRING*** --COME ***IN***, SERGEANT SNOWDEN--

BRRRRRRRRMMBBL

TAKES YOUR *BREATH* AWAY, DOESN'T IT?

HEADED FOR SPACE. THE CANNON.

--LAUNCHING WARHEADS--

THEY'LL HIT IT, TOO. PUNCH RIGHT THROUGH THE GRID. THE DATA YOU STOLE FROM MY MIND IS ALL YOUR GUIDANCE SYSTEMS WILL NEED.

YOU'RE NOT TALKING **SENSE**, MARGARET.

MARGARET--

KRAKKK



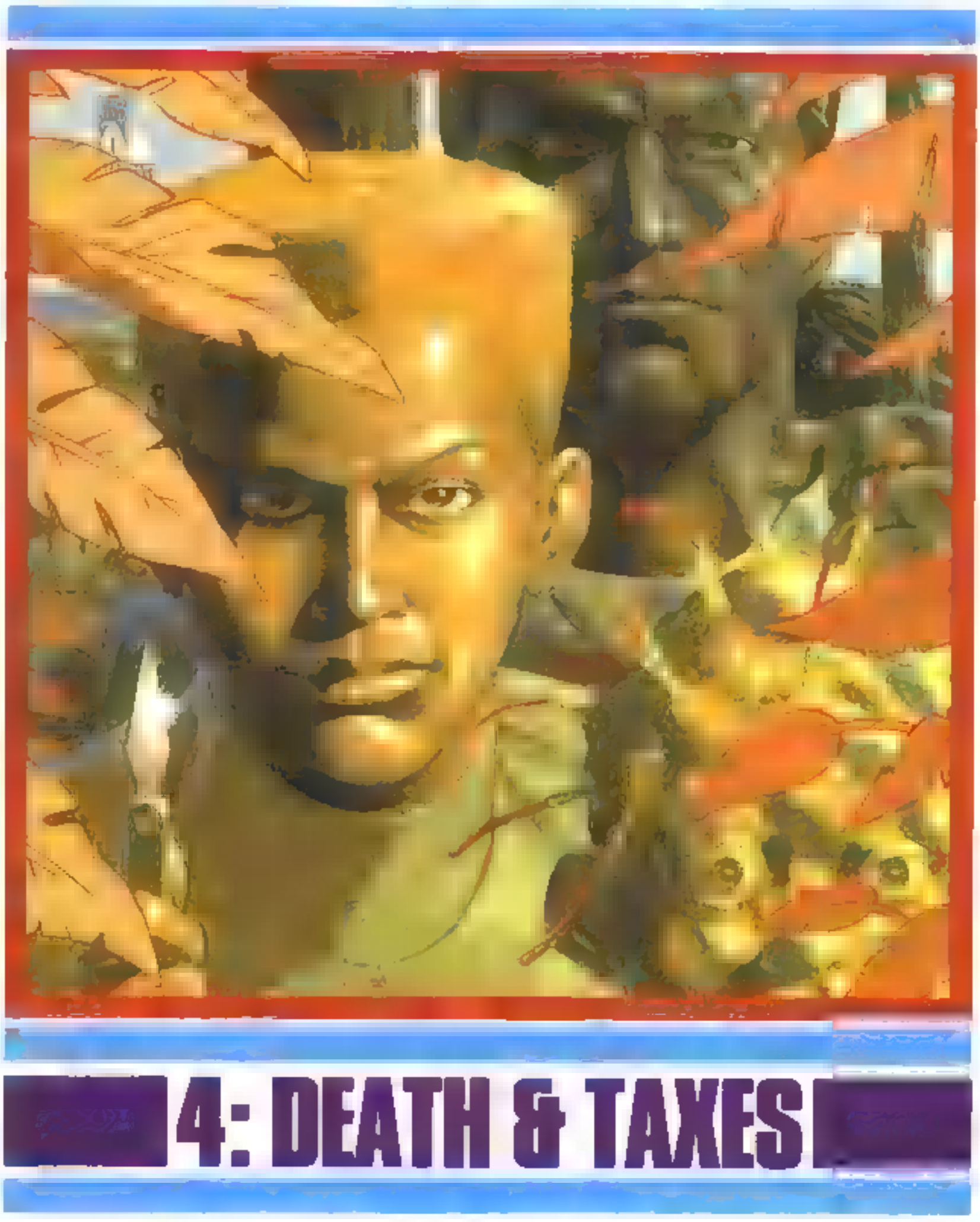
CHK CHAKK

THAT'S NOT MY NAME.

Washington. Jefferson. Lincoln. Roosevelt. Quayle. Rexall. These are names eternally etched in the heart of every true American.



But our hearts are proving more durable than our mountains. Acid rain. Gulf stream fallout. You've heard the terms. You know what's happening to this most precious monument. It's up to you to eat a little less. To work a little harder. To live a little cheaper. To go a little further into debt. So you can give. No contribution is too small. Help us save our Legacy. Help us save Mount Rushmore.



4: DEATH & TAXES

AMERICA ON THE MOVE

THIS IS HOW FAR I'M WILLING TO GO--ANYBODY TRIES TO GET ME AWAY FROM THIS DESK OR CUT ME OFF --

-- AND I'M BLOWING MY OWN BRAINS OUT

I HATE IT WHEN THINGS DON'T MAKE SENSE AND RIGHT NOW THEY DON'T MAKE SENSE.

SUFFERING AN APPARENT NERVOUS BREAKDOWN--

-- FORMER ANCHORWOMAN LONI HIROHITO HAS SEIZED CONTROL OF OUR BURBANK STUDIOS.

YOU SHUT UP. THIS IS MY SHOW.

BLAM BLAM!

HUK HUK HUK

FOR GOD'S SAKE NOBODY INTERRUPT HER!

JUST YESTERDAY-- JUST YESTERDAY-- THINGS MADE SENSE...

THEY WERE WEIRD BUT THINGS MADE SENSE

THEN TODAY I GET FIRED AND MY HUSBAND LEAVES ME AND THE PRESIDENT DIES AND SOME TWIT LIEUTENANT COLONEL TAKES OVER AND AMERICA IS HAVING A CIVIL WAR.

HUK HUK

JUST DOESN'T MAKE SENSE ... SOB ...

LONI--DON'T--

BLAMM

HISTORY AS IT HAPPENS--THIS IS AMERICA ON THE MOVE!

AMERICA ON THE MOVE

MAY 5, 2009: A TERRORIST FIREBOMB ROBS AMERICA OF THE MOST POPULAR PRESIDENT IN OUR COUNTRY'S HISTORY.

BUT ERWIN REXALL, CALLED BY MANY 'THE MAN WHO GAVE AMERICA ITS BALLS BACK'--

--DOES NOT DIE WITH THE REST OF HIS CABINET.

HIS BRAIN IS ALIVE.

WHILE ONLY **ONE CABINET MEMBER** SURVIVES TO TAKE HIS **PLACE**: ACTING SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE **HOWARD NISSEN**--

--A DRUNKEN **EMBARRASS-MENT** OF THE PRESIDENCY.

GID LOST. YOU DON KNOW **SHIT**.

THEN COMES THE DAY THAT **EVERY-THING** CHANGES.

DECEMBER 19, 2011: **CONGRESS** IS CALLING FOR NISSEN'S **IMPEACHMENT**--

--WHEN, ONCE AGAIN, THE WHITE HOUSE **BLOWS UP**.

WHO PLANTED THE BOMB?

HECK, IT COULD'VE BEEN **ANYBODY**. I MEAN, WHO **DIDN'T** WANT NISSEN GONE?

MORETTI MOVES SWIFTLY, DECISIVELY, ESTABLISHING **MARTIAL LAW**...

...UNTIL FREE ELECTIONS CAN BE HELD.

BUT IT IS AS IF AN EMOTIONAL **DAM** HAS BURST.

WITHIN **HOURS** OF NISSEN'S ASSASSINATION, **SECESSION FEVER** SWEEPS THE LAND.

MILITANT FEMINISTS PROVIDED THIS FOOTAGE, INDICATING THAT THEY HAVE SEIZED POWER OVER THE AMERICAN SOUTHEAST --

--DECLARING IT THE **FIRST SEX CONFEDERACY**.

THE VERY **BIRTH-PLACE** OF THE UNION --**NEW ENGLAND**--

--DEMANDS UNITED NATIONS REPRESENTATION AS AN **INDEPENDENT FEDERATION**.

MANHATTAN BOROUGH PRESIDENT **BELUGA** DECLARES **VICTORY** OVER **BROOKLYN**--

--ANNEXING IT AND FORMING THE **EAST COAST CAPITALIST DICTATORSHIP**.

BELUGA DENIES THE WIDESPREAD BELIEF THAT HE FACES AS MANY AS FORTY WARRING SEPERATIST MOVEMENTS WITHIN MANHATTAN.

THERE ARE SCATTERED REPORTS OF **SHELLING** ON THE BORDER OF THE **MEXICAN TERRITORY**--

-- AND THE SELF-PROCLAIMED **LONE STAR REPUBLIC**.

WHILE THE **SURGEON GENERAL**, IN NEGOTIATION FOR THE SOVEREIGNTY OF THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST AS A DISEASE-FREE 'GOD'S COUNTRY'--

--MAKES THE MOST STARTLING REVELATION OF ALL:

HE HOLDS THE **LIVING BRAIN** OF **ERWIN REXALL** --WHO CLAIMS THAT HE IS **STILL** IN **OFFICE**.

HEH... I DON'T REMEMBER **RESIGNING**, BY GOLLY...

WE ARE **CLONING** THE PRESIDENT A NEW **BODY**. IT WILL BE VERY CLEAN.

IRONICALLY, IT WAS REXALL HIMSELF WHO DRAFTED THE '**NO HOLDS BARRED**' AMENDMENT--

--COMMITTING **MILITARY FORCE** AGAINST ANY ENEMY WHO HOLDS AN AMERICAN CITIZEN **HOSTAGE**...



I'VE GOT A WHOLE LOT OF WORK TO DO

I'VE GOT TO SAVE THE ***PRESIDENT***--SAVE A CREW OF ***EIGHTY*** ON A ***SPACE CANNON***

--AND SAVE ***RAGGYANN*** AND THAT BIG ***INDIAN*** GUY.

RAGGYANN'S ***PSYCHIC***...

SIDEKICK.

MARTHA MARTHA TALK-THINK.

WHAT'S YOUR ***STATUS***? HAVE THEY PLUGGED YOU IN?

MOVE IT-- COME ***ON--MOVE*** IT--

PLUGGED IN. STATUS *DEEPSHIT*, MARTHA.

I WANT YOU TO *CONCENTRATE*, RAGGYANN.

IT'S OKAY. THE LITTLE GIRL'S A *VENTRIL-OQUIST*.

I WANT YOU TO CONCENTRATE *VERY HARD*.

STEP *LIVELY* --*MOVE* IT--

YES, MARTHA

SERGEANT *SNOWDEN*. WE'VE BEEN LOOKING ALL *OVER* FOR YOU.

THE *SURGEON GENERAL* WANTS YOU. WE'RE AT *RED ALERT*.

CONFIDENCE IS *HIGH*, SERGEANT.

YOU HAVE TO *SCAN* THE *COMMAND CENTER*. IT'S *VERY IMPORTANT*

I'M *TRYING*, MARTHA...

DUFFY

WE STAND ON THE BRINK OF A GREAT *TRIUMPH*.

OUR MISSILES *STREAK* TOWARD THEIR TARGET.

IT'S LIKE THE WRATH OF *GOD*.

Repeat. This is not ■ drill. All hands to **Battle Stations.** Prepare to lay in **defense grid.**

WE'RE IN ***TROUBLE***, COLONEL. WE'RE STILL ***TEN MINUTES*** FROM ***DEPLOY-MENT***--

--AND I'M READING ***INCOMING***. ***FORTY-EIGHT TACTICALS***. APPROACH PATTERN ***VARIABLE***.

Reflectors in position. Initiating Grid One.

WE'RE LAYING IN THE ***GRID*** BUT YOU KNOW HOW IT ***IS***--THE ONE THING THESE CANNONS WERE ***BUILT*** TO DO AND THEY'VE BEEN ***HIT*** BY EVERY NUKE ***THROWN*** AT THEM...

COLONEL--IT'S ***EL PASO*** AGAIN --OUR MEN ARE ***SURROUNDED***--

CAN'T YOU SEE I'M ***BUSY***?

-- THE LONE STAR REPUBLIC HAS DECLARED OUR MUNITIONS AND TRANSPORTS AS PRIZES OF WAR --

COLONEL -- WE'VE GOT MASSIVE DESERTIONS IN BROOKLYN --

PEACEKEEPER

I SAID I'M BUSY! DAMN IT -- JUST SHUT UP --

COLONEL, OUR MEN IN LOS ANGELES REQUIRE A COMMAND DECISION...

IT'S CIVIL WAR. OVERNIGHT...

I SAID SHUT UP OR I'LL HAVE THE BUNCH OF YOU SHOT.

CAPTAIN. GRID STATUS.

INITIATING GRID TWO, SIR FOR WHAT IT'S WORTH...

...GRID TWO IN PLACE. INITIATING GRID THREE.

STUPID, MORETTI. AM STILL ABLE TO SPARE CANNON. AM WILLING TO NEGOTIATE.

YOU'RE COMMITTING AN **ACT OF WAR**, YOU CRAZY OLD FART! YOU'LL **BURN** FOR THIS.

COLONEL-- IT'S TAMPA--

DON'T TRY IT. HE'S NOT FEELING RECEPTIVE.

WON'T BURN FROM CANNON. MISSILES WILL HIT. GRID A JOKE.

TWO MINUTES, MORETTI. STUPID.

SIR, I MUST **INSIST**--I'VE FINALLY GOT **RHODE ISLAND** ON THE LINE--

SECURITY! I WANT THIS MAN **SHOT!**

THIS IS YOUR **FINAL WARNING**, MISTER. DIVERT THOSE MISSILES OR I WON'T LEAVE A **BRICK** OF YOUR FORTRESS **STANDING**.

I AM **WAITING** FOR YOUR **RESPONSE**.

SNOWDEN. VERY LATE. IMPORTANT MISSION. NO EXCUSE FOR BEING LATE.

NONE GIVEN, SIR.

GOLLY, ISN'T ALL THIS A KICK. JUST LIKE THE **OLD DAYS** ...HEH...

OH, I'M ALL **TINGLY**, HONEY! YOU'RE GOING TO BE **PRESIDENT** AGAIN!

HEH... THE **FOOD** WILL BE **GREAT**, AND ALL THOSE **MOVIES**, OH BOY...

IMPORTANT MISSION. FORTRESS WILL BE ATTACKED. DEFENSES READY BUT REXALL BRAIN NEEDS SPECIAL PROTECTION. IS GETTING SPECIAL PROTECTION.

TAKE BRAIN TO TUNNEL. UNDERGROUND. GUARD WITH LIFE.

KBLAMM
CHKCHAKK
KBLAMM
CHKCH
KBLAMM
CHKCHAKK
KBLAMM
YES, SIR.
RAGGYANN. SEAL THIS CHAMBER.
YES, MARTHA.
DON'T HURT US-- PLEASE--
NNNGEHHH
MA'AM. YOU WON'T BE HARMED.
I'M AFRAID ALL THIS IS NECESSARY, MR. PRESIDENT. PLEASE BEAR WITH ME.
MANY LIVES ARE AT STAKE.
STUPID SNOWDEN.
HAD SUCH PLANS FOR YOU
SNEIK
SNEIK

MY NAME'S WASHINGTON

RAGGYANN! THE MISSILES! NOW!

AARGG

KBLAMM

CHKCHAKK

KBLAMM

NO ZIPLOCK.

THIS IS THE CAPTAIN. THE GRID HAS FAILED. MAKE YOUR PEACE WITH GOD.

CAPTAIN-- I'M READING A BUILDUP IN ONE OF THE NUKES -- TO PREMATURE DETONATION--

WHAT DID YOU-- OOF!

I SAID THAT I MUST SPEAK TO THE SURGEON GENERAL. SOMETHING STRANGE IS HAPPENING.

IT'S THE GIRL--BRAIN ACTIVITY LIKE I'VE NEVER SEEN.

MARTHA. STATUS HOTSHIT RAGGYANN NOT FLOP.

WE GO NOW, TOMHAWK. NO LUNCH BOX.

'TOMHAWK'...?

CRAZY AS IT **SOUNDS**, I THINK SHE'S DOING SOMETHING TO THE **COMPUTER**.

SHE-- **AAH**

FFT

YOU **DICK**.

THWAAK

I'LL RIP YOUR **HEAD** OFF.

FFT

FFT

FFT

FFT

FFT

HEADOFFF

KID-- HELP GET HER **OFF** ME.

NOT **KID**. RAGGYANN.

MARTHA SAID.

All pilots to assigned craft. Prepare for combat.

PEACEKEEPER, THIS IS CANNON TWELVE. WE HAVE SURVIVED. NO CASUALTIES REPORTED.

MORETTI WE'RE FORTY SECONDS FROM POSITION. TARGETS LOCKED.

RADIATION LEVELS ACCEPTABLE. WE'RE THREE DAYS FROM FULL POWER. NO CASUALTIES.

SGT. MARTHA WASHINGTON REPORTING, COLONEL I HAVE SEIZED CONTROL OF FORTRESS HEALTH CENTRAL COMMAND

WASHINGTON.

SITUATION SECURE, SIR. I HAVE THE PRESIDENT AND A CLEAR ESCAPE ROUTE. THERE IS NO NEED--REPEAT, NO NEED--TO PROCEED WITH ATTACK.

YOU'RE NOT FOOLING ME, WASHINGTON. AND YOU'RE NOT GETTING AWAY WITH HOLDING HOSTAGES--EVEN IF ONE OF THEM IS AN EX-PRESIDENT'S BRAIN.

MORETTI OUT.

DAMAGE. EXPOSURE. RISK OF CONTAMINATION.

HHNEGG

OH MY WORD. OH MY WORD.

NOW, HONEY. ONE THING I'VE LEARNED IN ALL MY YEARS IS THAT THINGS TEND TO WORK OUT JUST DANDY...

...AS LONG AS YOU KEEP YOUR SENSE OF HUMOR... HEH...

YOU'RE OVER THE **LINE**, MORETTI. THIS **OBSESSION** WITH SERGEANT **WASHINGTON**-- EVERYBODY **KNOWS** ABOUT IT--

I'M IN CHARGE HERE! I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING!

YOU'RE NO **PRESIDENT**, KID

AND JUST BETWEEN THE **TWO** OF US, YOU'LL NEVER MAKE **GENERAL**.

WHUKK

P·A·X

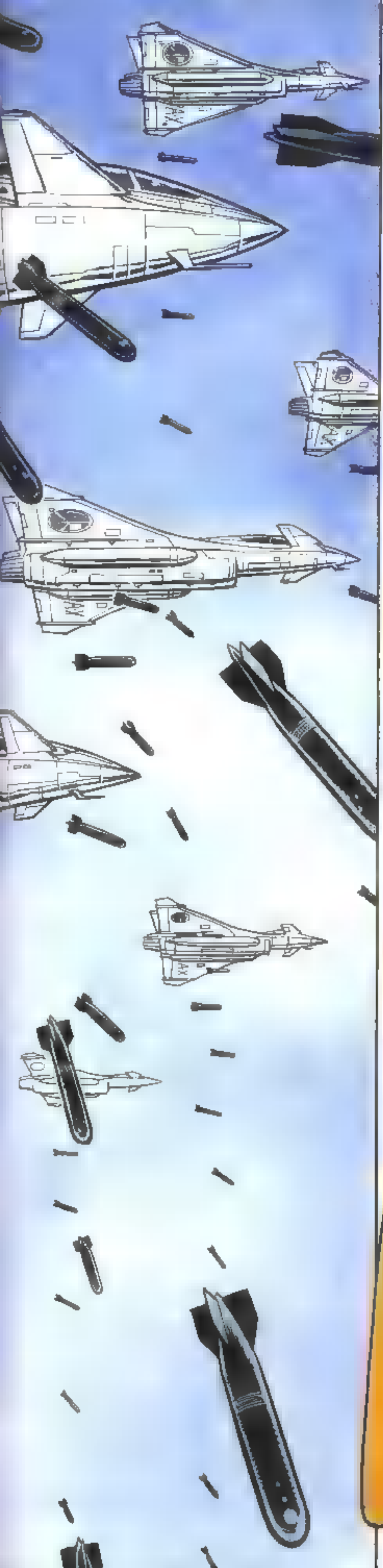
IDIOTS-- LETTING A DAMNED SPOILED BRAT **LIEUTENANT COLONEL** PLAY **COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF**...

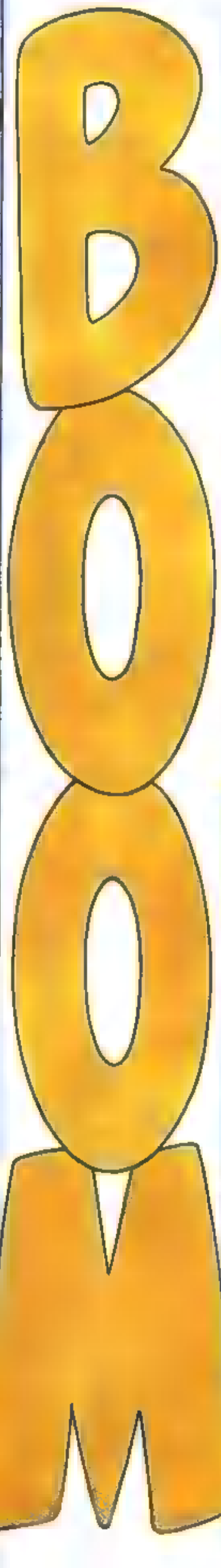
SOME-BODY CALL A **MEDIC**!

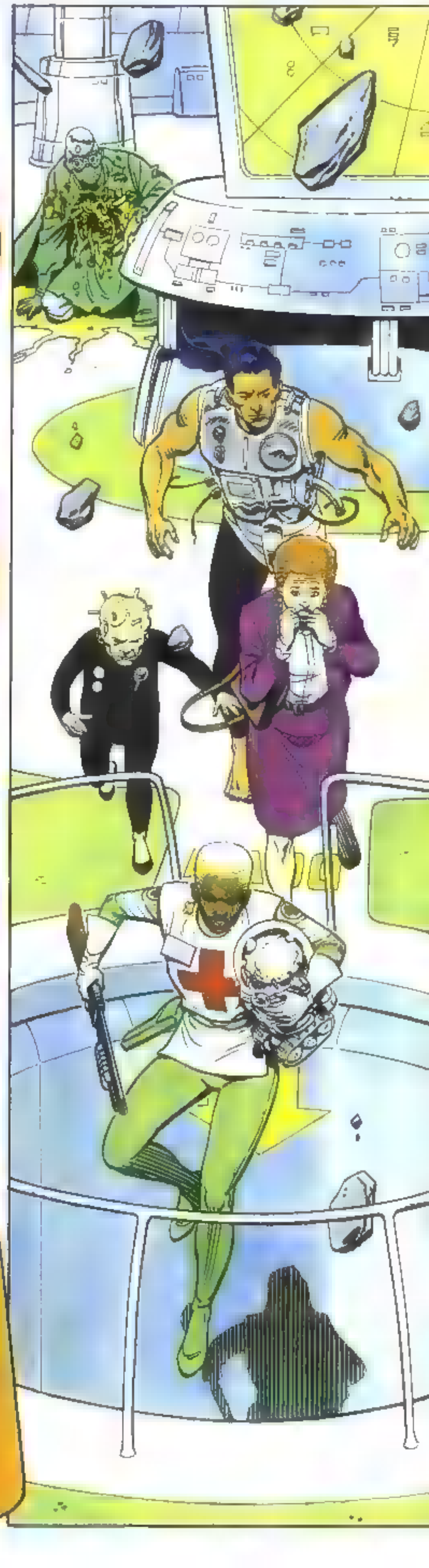
GET ME AN **F60**. FULL CREW. ALL THE TRIMMINGS.

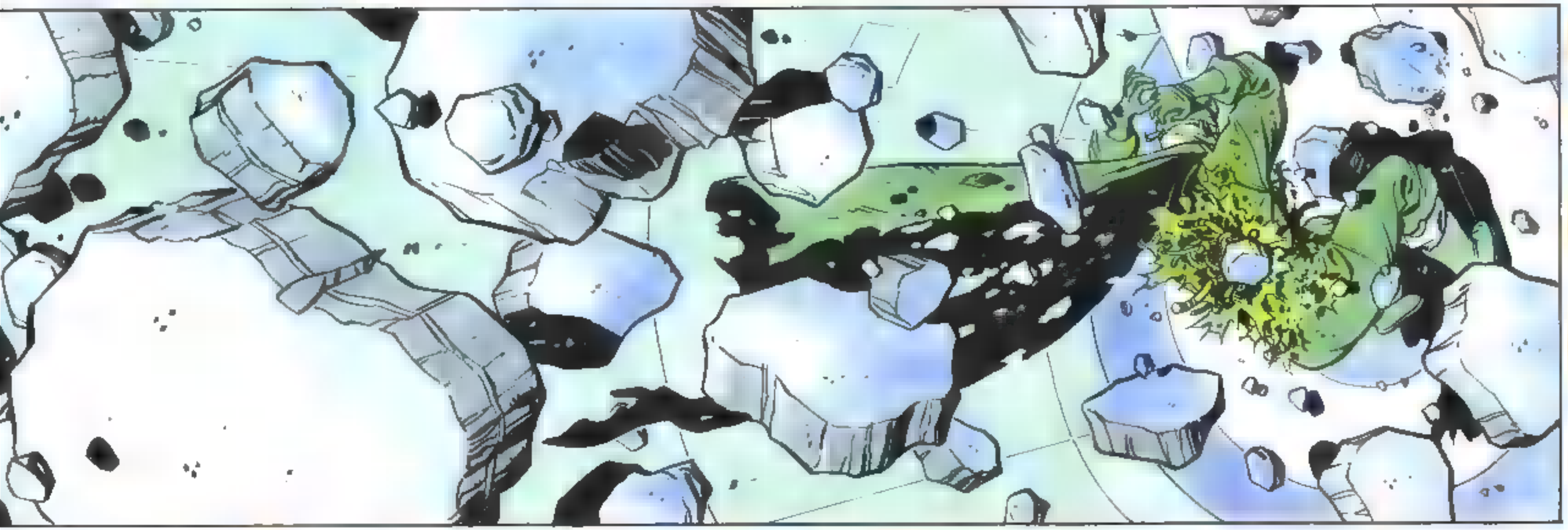
...ARE YOU **SURE**, SIR?

ARE YOU ARGUING WITH ME?

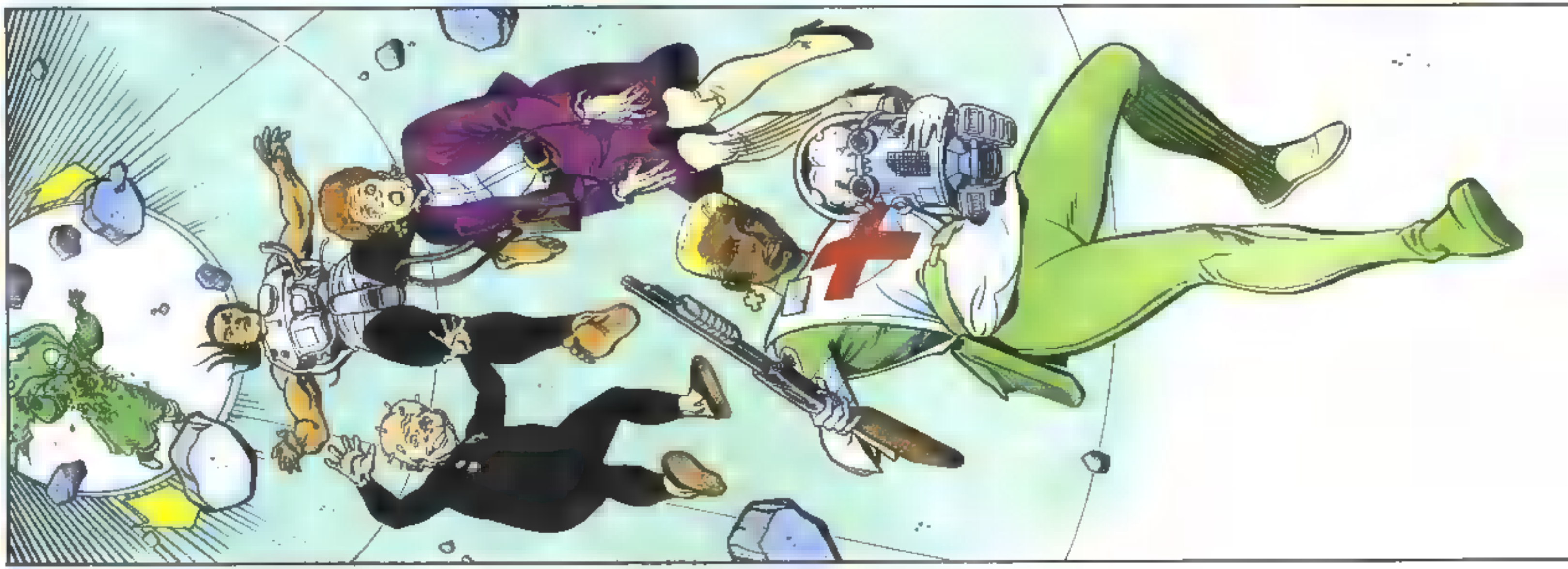








BOOM



BOOM

BOOM

FILTHY.

NO RESPONSE...

Pilot access denied pending voice-print identification.

FULL POWER. MAXIMUM ACCELERATION.

FILTHY GIRL. BAD GIRL, SNOWDEN.

BOOM

Voice identification verified. engaging thrusters.

GRAAA

Engaging cloak.

HHENFF

Cloak engaged. Craft now radar-invisible.

FILTHY.

IT'S ABOUT *TIME* YOU REPORTED, CAPTAIN.

MY *TIME* JUST HAPPENS TO BE *WORTH* SOMETHING.

YES, SIR. I'M SORRY FOR THE DELAY, SIR. THEY PUT UP QUITE A FIGHT. BUT I'M HAPPY TO REPORT THAT FORTRESS HEALTH HAS *FALLEN*. WE HAVE TAKEN COMMAND.

NO SIGN OF THE *SURGEON GENERAL*-- AND, SIR--

--THE PRESIDENT'S BRAIN IS MISSING.

P·A·X

CONTINUING SEARCH MCKENNA OUT

COLONEL-- **RADAR** READS ONLY **FRIENDLY** CRAFT -- BUT I'M GETTING A JET-LEVEL **HEAT SOURCE** AT **THIRTY THOUSAND FEET**--

--HEADING **EAST** LIKE A BAT OUT OF HELL

KILL IT.

Locking weapons.

NEGG

BAD SITUATION REQUIRES SPECIAL ATTENTION

IS GETTING SPECIAL ATTENTION

Damage to outer hull continuing... Alert, Fighter plane detected. Weapons locked on this vessel.

SPOTTED US AS A **HEAT SOURCE**

RAGGYANN GIVE ME A SHARP **LEFT** AND KILL OUR **ENGINES**!

SHARP LEFT KILL ENGINES

HEAT SOURCE GONE SHE'S TURNED HER ENGINE OFF

P-A-X

TAKE YOUR BEST GUESS AND **FIRE**

Turning engines off. Alert. Hull punctured. Dramatic reduction in cabin pressure.

VAAG

KBLAM

ALWAYS FASTEN YOUR SAFETY BELT.

VERY BAD.

I KNOW **JUST** WHERE TO TAKE US..

A NATION

UNITED STA

GOD'S COUNTRY:
The coalition government formed by the Surgeon General and leaders of the New Calvinist Initiative pledges to "lay waste to the impure" and create a smoke-free, drug-free paradise." Prohibited under penalty of death: "bad music, bad food, bad language, contraception, pornography, and adultery." 50,000 battle-hardened Health Enforcement Troops and Pacific Northwest nuclear missile silos provide a formidable military capability.

WONDERLAND:
The world's largest entertainment complex, it used to be the nation's playground. But funny animal robots are on the warpath demanding "cultural autonomy" and an "end to the enslavement of artificial intelligence." Rumors of mass murder and subjugation of humans remain unconfirmed. Should PAX assault Wonderland, a hostage crisis of unheard-of proportions is a likely scenario. Implementation of the "No holds Barred" Amendment could result in the death of millions.

REAL AMERICA:
Fat Boy Burger troops surround multimillion-acre cattlefields, breeding, slaughtering and selling to beef-hungry clients in flagrant defiance of the 94th Amendment. The outlaw fast food conglomerate is well-equipped to defend its territory: its million man army and formidable air force were almost a match for PAX in the Amazon War.

THE MEXICAN TERRITORY:
Still technically United States property, this overpopulated land openly trades with Real America and is Fat Boy's chief source of inexpensive labor. Satellite photos reveal hundreds of illegal cattlefields, so many that analysts have stopped calling the territory "America's Ireland"; now it's "Burger Heaven." Anti-American sentiment is high, and Mexican-born PAX officers are joining the Fat Boy army in droves. An alliance between the two powers would present an unspeakable threat to the U.S. sovereignty over North America.

DIVIDED



OF AMERICA



THE NEW ENGLAND FEDERATION OF STATES:

Militarily weak, this is the most pacifistic of the new governments, and the most likely to seek reunification with the U.S. Sticking point: the Federation seeks to repeal nearly every Constitutional Amendment passed since 1990. And those Green Mountain eggheads who engineered the schiz-out of the IRS Database in 2009 are bound to be up to more mischief than ever.



THE EAST COAST CAPITALIST DICTATORSHIP

Manhattan strongman Edward Beluga represents no major threat at present to U.S. security. Though strong in conventional forces, Beluga commands no nuclear, chemical or biological capability as yet. Besides, he has his hands full: his troops, weary from the year long Manhattan-Brooklyn War are now fighting block by block against the white gay racist Aryan Thrust, the Black Supremacy Front, and as many as fifty other separatist movements.

FLORIDA:

Just two years ago the sunshine state contained the most stable and militarily equipped planned communities in the country. Now its food supply and communication lines have been cut, and its annexation by Cuba seems inevitable.



THE FIRST SEX CONFEDERACY:

Former First Lady Amanda Nissen, declaring that "everything wrong in the world has been caused by men," emerged as leader in the powerful Southeast Women's Movement, uniting its warring factions to overthrow the governments of the Old South. In her first address, she hit an encouraging note, assuring the U.S. that the Confederacy will seek diplomatic relationships and free trade. The South's abundant farmlands offer a crucial supply of food. Borders remain closed at present to male U.S. citizens. Nissen ordered bans on pornography, marriage, sexist remarks, and "negative role models" in entertainment. Missile silos in the area are abundant but in poor repair. However, a single orbiting laser cannon now answers directly to Nissen, discouraging invasion by PAX.



THE LONE STAR REPUBLIC:

Texas holds fast to its borders—and to its habits. With a platform of "Guns, beef, and beer" Dallas dentist Billy Bob Coolant established a government based on "community standards," rejecting the First, Fifth, and 94th Amendments out of hand. Their warm and co-dependant relationship with Fat Boy Burgers leaves little room for doubt whose side they would stand on if war breaks out between Fat Boy and PAX. Only Texan hatred of Fat Boy porn movies and continuing border skirmishes with the Mexican Territory prevent a full-fledged alliance. Texas commands a 300,000 man army and possesses first-strike nuclear capability on every city in the western hemisphere. The next American president will have to weigh carefully Texan displeasure with the U.S. Constitution as written.

ON THE WAY SOUTH I ASK THE BIG INDIAN WHAT HIS NAME IS.

HE SAYS IT'S WASSERSTEIN

I TELL HIM THAT DOESN'T SOUND VERY APACHE

HE LAUGHS AND SAYS MY NAME DOESN'T SOUND VERY AFRICAN.

Retros firing. Readying hydrofoil.

HAVEN'T SEEN THE FOREST SINCE THE WAR. THOUGHT I'D NEVER GET TO SEE IT AGAIN.

THE REFORESTERS ARE DOING A GREAT JOB. IT'S GOING TO BE AS BIG AS IT EVER WAS.

AND EVERY-BODY SAYS NISSEN WAS A BAD PRESIDENT.

HE WAS RIGHT ABOUT THE FOREST

Distress signal engaged. Frequency 444.

WHAT THE *HELL*...?

NOW I'M SURE THOSE NICE BOYS THAT BUILT THIS MADE ME *WATER PROOF*, HONEY

OH, DEAR. OH MY WORD. I'LL GET A *COLD* AND YOU'LL GO ALL *RUSTY*...

YOU'VE GOT TO LEARN TO *DEPEND* ON PEOPLE. THAT'S WHAT THEY'RE *THERE* FOR.

...I SAID, *ARE YOU CRAZY*? YOU'RE LETTING THEM *KNOW* WHERE WE ARE!

MARTHA NOT FLOP, TOMHAWK. NO *LUNCH BOX*.

BY NOW, *PAX* HAS THE SIGNAL AND THEY'VE PASSED IT ALONG TO MORETTI.

MY GUESS IS WE'VE GOT A FEW HOURS TILL HE GETS HERE.

MORETTI? *LIEUTENANT COLONEL MORETTI*? THE *WAR HERO*?

THE *TRAITOR* HE HAS TO KILL THE *PRESIDENT* TO STAY IN *POWER*--AND HE'LL DO ANYTHING HE *CAN* TO KILL *ME*

THAT'S WHY I BROUGHT US *HERE*--

--THIS *FOREST* IS *PROTECTED* BY AN *EXECUTIVE ORDER*. MORETTI WON'T BE ABLE TO USE *BOMBS* OR A *LASER CANNON*--THE WAY HE DID ON YOUR *TRIBE*

HE WAS JUST TRYING TO GET AT ME I'M REALLY SORRY.

WE'LL CAMP HERE. WE'LL NEED A FIRE...

NOW LET'S SEE WHAT THE *SURGEON GENERAL* CALLS A *FIRST AID KIT*.

HOLY...

YA*CHOO*

CATCH MY *DEATH* OF COLD.

WE'LL JUST HAVE TO *SNUGGLE* ...HEH...

OUR ODDS JUST GOT *BETTER*.

LET'S CATCH US SOME *FROGS*.

FROGS?

YOU'VE GOT TO BE *CAREFUL* NOT TO *HURT* THE FROGS

THE *NATIVES* HERE *WORSHIP* THEM AND YOU'VE GOT TO *RESPECT* THAT SORT OF THING.

THEIR *SKIN* MAKES *POISON*

THE *NATIVES* USE IT ON THEIR *ARROWS*.

MY BET IS MORETTI WILL PUT TOGETHER A *DEATH SQUAD*-- MAYBE A *DOZEN* MEN. THE KIND WHO'LL KEEP THEIR *MOUTHS* SHUT

HE'LL PROBABLY GET THEM FROM *SQUAD FOUR*...

SQUAD FOUR...? IS THAT PART OF THE *PEACE FORCE*?

IT **WAS**. PROBABLY STILL IS. **PAX** GAVE AMNESTY TO CONVICTED **MURDERERS** AND PUT THEM IN SQUAD FOUR DURING THE **WAR**.

MORETTI MADE A LOT OF USE OF THEM. EVEN TRIED TO **KILL** ME WITH THEM, ONCE.

LET ME HELP YOU WITH THAT SHOULDER. I'M GOOD WITH MUSCLES.

MORETTI'S REALLY GOT IT ***IN*** FOR YOU, DOESN'T HE?

YES. I STABBED HIM ONCE. HE WAS TRYING TO BURN DOWN THE **FOREST**. HE TOOK A **BRIBE** FROM THE **FAT BOYS**.

THAT FEELS REALLY GOOD...YOU KNOW, YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE A **PART** OF THIS.

HEY, YOU'RE THE ONE WHO TOLD ME HE KILLED MY **TRIBE**.

BESIDES--

BESIDES, I'VE GOT A CRUSH ON YOU.

--BESIDES, THIS ISN'T AS **BORING** AS GOING BACK TO DAD'S **BUSINESS**.

YOU HUNGRY? I COULD CATCH US SOME-THING.

NO, THANKS. IF WE EAT WE'LL GET SLEEPY.

IF WE SURVIVE THIS, I THINK MAYBE I'D LIKE US TO GET TO KNOW EACH OTHER...

NO. THAT SOUNDS REALLY STUPID. THINK OF SOMETHING BETTER.

DAMN IT-- THAT CRAZY LITTLE **BRAT** IS MAKING AN **ASS** OUT OF ME!

WE BETTER GET STARTED ON THOSE **TRAPS**.

P.A.P.

MORETTI

P.A.P.

Attention. This vehicle is at self-destruct alert. Detonation in three seconds pending voice identification.

OH, SHIT--

GET INTO POSITION. AND REMEMBER--THEY'LL BE WEARING ARMOR. GO FOR THE EYES, THROAT AND NECK.

ONE DOWN...

...THAT LEAVES MORETTI AND **ELEVEN MEN**... YEAH, THERE'S **CHARREN**.

HE'S USING **SQUAD FOUR**, ALL RIGHT.

SCANNING... NO SIGNAL FROM **REXALL** YET.

SCREW **REXALL**. WE FIND **WASHINGTON** I'M GIVING HER WHAT SHE DIDN'T GET FROM ME **LAST** TIME...

YOU'LL KEEP IT IN YOUR **PANTS**, CHARREN--OR YOU'LL BE AS DEAD AS **SHE** IS.

YOU GOT NO SENSE OF **FUN** ANYMORE, MORETTI.

GGLLAAAA

WHUNKK

TWO DOWN.

GHAAAA

THKK

WHUH

THREE

OH GOD -- OH GHODD

THKK

OVER THERE--

FOUR.

BRAKABRAKABRAKABRAKA

AKABRAKABRAKABRAKAB

OH NO.

NO.

SNAPP

BRAKAKABRAKABRAKAB

FIVE

SIX

WE'RE DOING GREAT.

BRAKK

BRAKK

SEVEN.

BRAKK

P·A·X

THKK

SEVEN. THAT LEAVES FIVE. AND MORETTI.

THERE--I GOT THE SIGNAL --REXALL IS A HALF MILE NORTHEAST-- LET'S GO--

NO. NOT YET. WE'VE GOT TO CONFIRM THE KILLS.

P·A·X

WE HIT THEM BOTH, MORETTI. LET THE JUNGLE DO THE REST.

WASHINGTON CAN'T BE LEFT ALIVE. THERE CAN'T BE ANY DOUBT.

YOU'RE HUNG UP ON THAT SNATCH, MORETTI. IT'S THROWING YOUR JUDGEMENT OFF--

--HEY...

ARE YOU CHALLENGING MY AUTHORITY?

DAX

NO, SIR. FOR THE RECORD, I AM NOT QUESTIONING YOUR AUTHORITY. WE WILL COMPLY WITH WHATEVER ORDER YOU CHOOSE TO GIVE.

...WE MOVE ON PRIMARY TARGET REXALL. THEN A FINAL SWEEP OF THE AREA.

YES, SIR. WHATEVER YOU SAY.

LET'S **MOVE**!

YOU JUST HOLD ON. JUST HOLD ON. I'LL COME BACK FOR YOU.

SHOULDER'S NO GOOD WON'T BE ABLE TO USE MY SLING.

NO. GUN'S NO GOOD

HAVE TO USE THE **RAIN**.

IT'S SO LOUD IT'LL DROWN OUT ANYTHING QUIETER THAN A GUNSHOT.

THEY CALL IT THE ROOF OF THE WORLD.

THAT'S WHAT THE NATIVES CALL IT.

THEY THINK THE FOREST IS THE WHOLE WORLD AND FOR THEM IT IS.

FIVE LEFT.

AND MORETTI

RAIN'S SO LOUD.

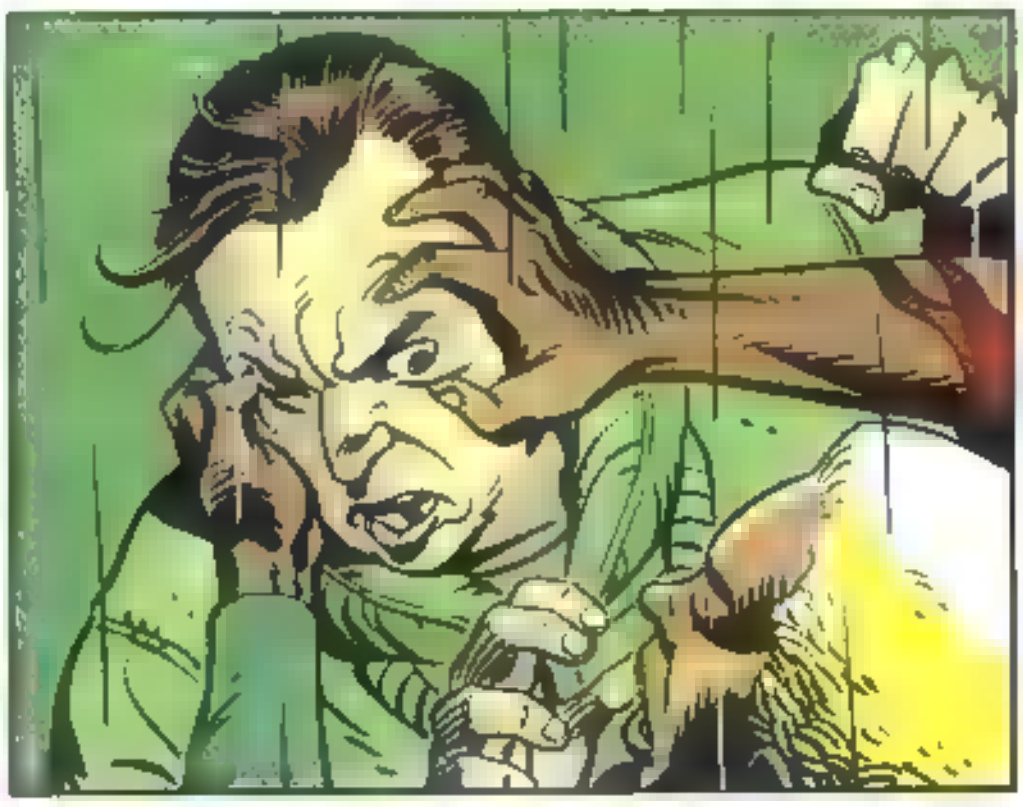
I HAVE A CHANCE

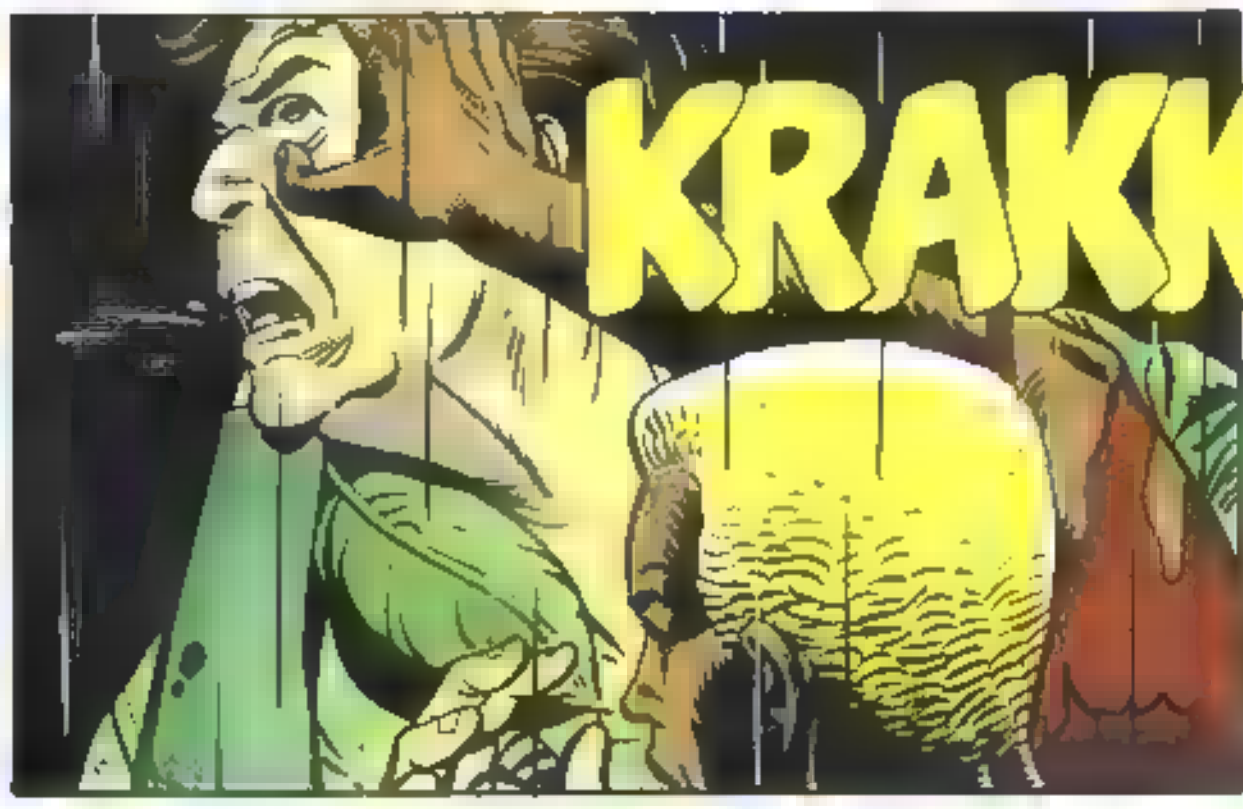
P·A·X

BRAKK

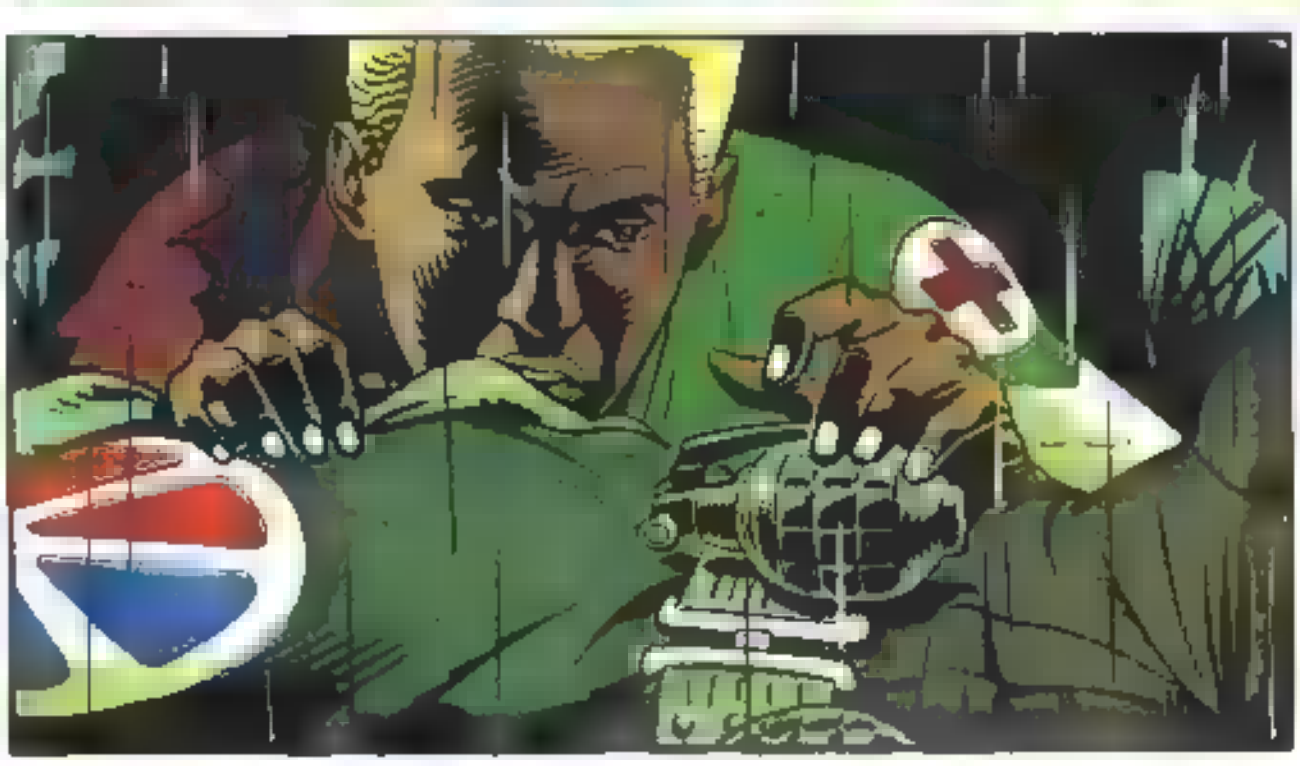
BRAKABRAKABRA


BR KA
KAB
KAB
KA




KRAKK






CHIK

DON'T *HURT* US-- PLEASE--

NOW, HONEY, I'M SURE THE BOY'S JUST HERE TO *HELP*...ISN'T THAT RIGHT, SON?

BRAKK

PEPPER. OH, DEAR

BRAKK

KAPWEE

DAMN IT!

BRAKK

DAMN IT WASHINGTON--

MORETTI-- NO -- I'VE GOT HER--

CHKCHAKK


KBLAMM

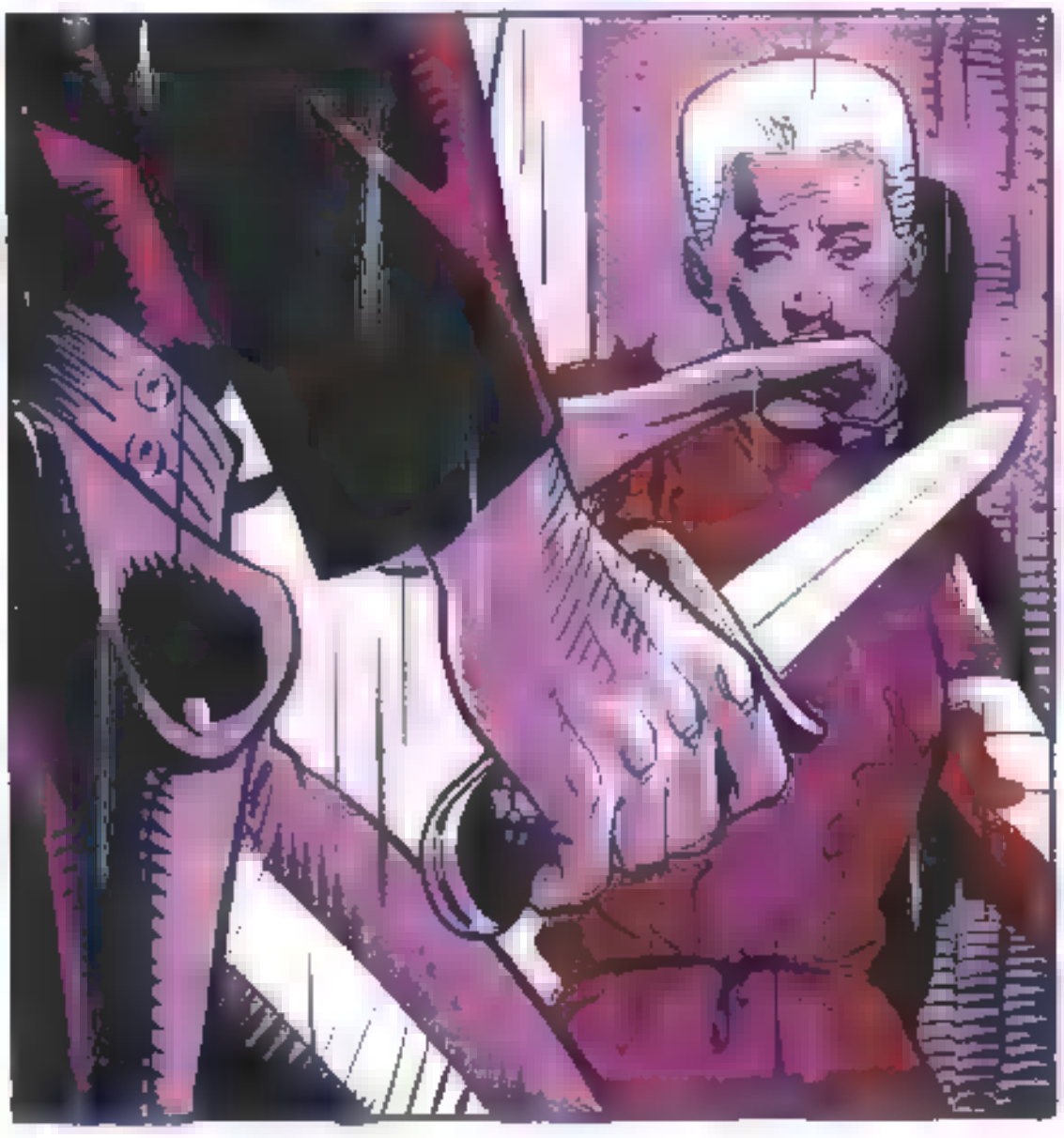

KBLAMM

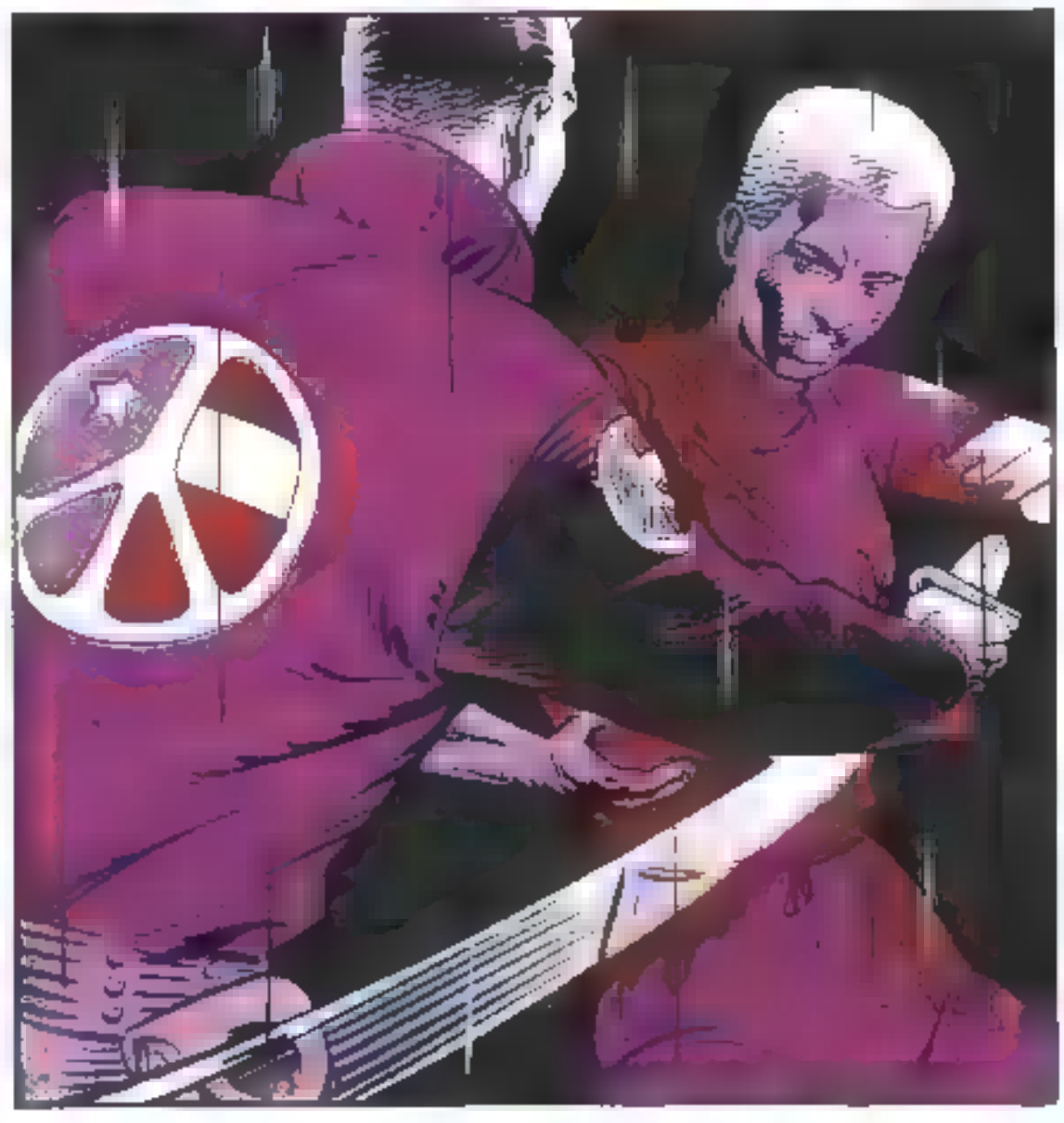










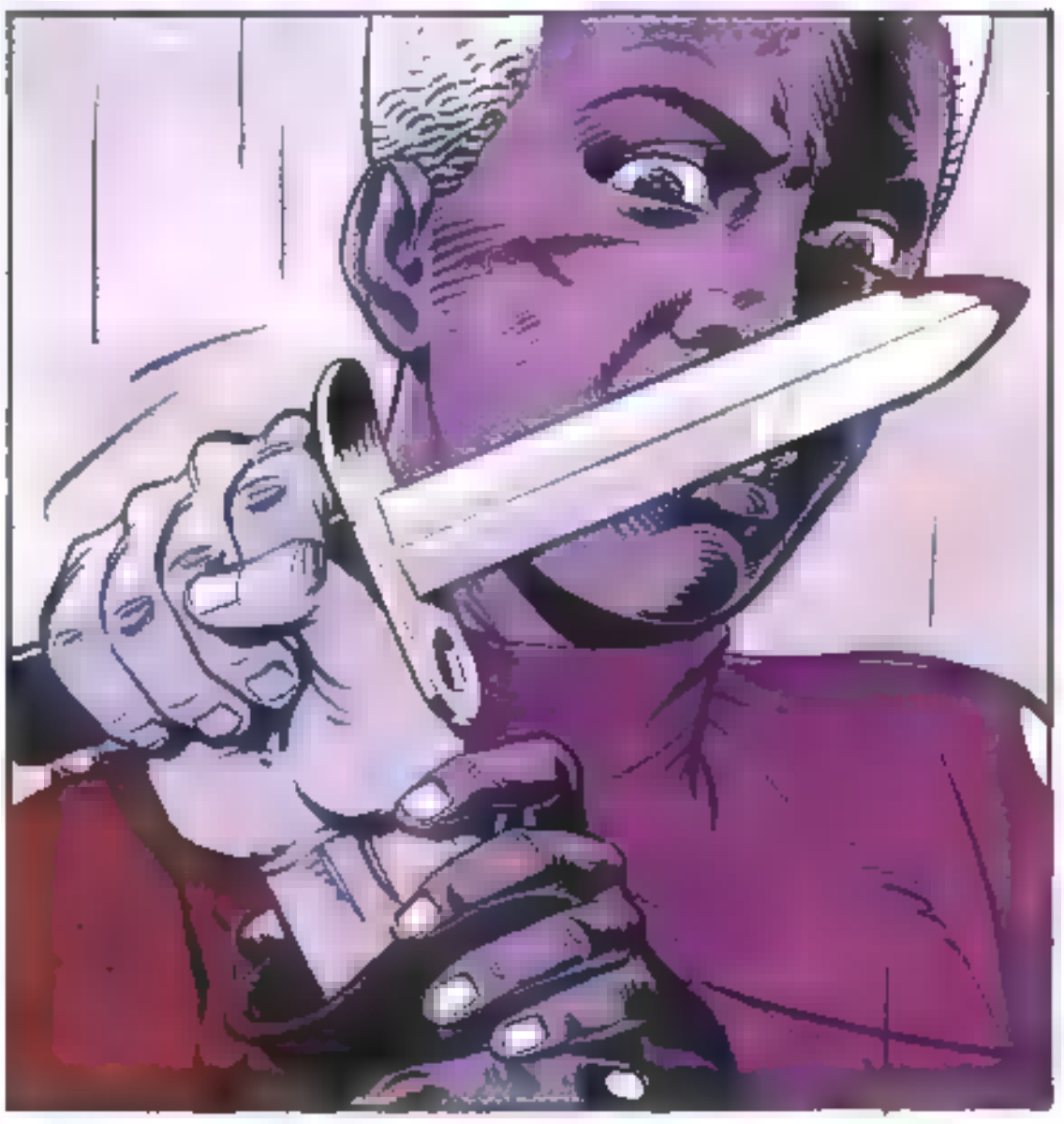













KRAKKk

COLONEL MORETTI. YOU ARE UNDER ARREST.

DETAINED WITHOUT BAIL-- FACING CHARGES OF TREASON INCLUDING THE BRUTAL MURDER OF THE FIRST LADY--

--AND WITH THE ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT REXALL

ON THE EVE OF A SPECIAL ELECTION, REXALL IS SHOWN LEADING IN EVERY POLL NATIONWIDE...

2012

LIEUTENANT. **WASHINGTON** TO SEE YOU, COLONEL.

LIEUTENANT. SHE MADE LIEUTENANT. I SHOULD'VE KNOWN. SEND HER ON IN. WHY THE HELL NOT.

YOU KNOW WHAT KIND OF PLACE I GREW UP IN, COLONEL. A LOT OF PEOPLE I KNEW ENDED UP IN PRISON, JUST LIKE YOU.

ONE REAL GOOD FRIEND I HAD WHEN I WAS A **KID**, HE GOT **FRAMED** FOR **MURDER**. ENDED UP FACING THE **DEATH PENALTY**.

THEY WERE GOING TO USE AN ANTIQUE **ELECTRIC CHAIR** ON HIM, NOT A **FIRING SQUAD** LIKE THE ONE YOU'RE FACING.

I VISITED HIM IN HIS CELL. HE ASKED ME FOR MY **BELT** AND I GAVE IT TO HIM.

LIKE I SAID, I WAS JUST A **KID**. I DIDN'T KNOW WHY HE WANTED IT UNTIL THE NEXT **MORNING**.

I GUESS THE WAITING WAS THE WORST OF IT FOR HIM.

YES, SIR.

DON'T GO. I DON'T WANT TO BE ALONE WHEN I DO IT.

HE'S BRAVE ABOUT IT TILL HE KICKS THE *CHAIR* AND THE *BELT* DOESN'T BREAK HIS *NECK*.

HE *CHOKES* AND *GURGLES* AND *TWITCHES* AND HIS *EYES* BULGE AND HIS *TONGUE* POKES OUT AND IT TAKES *TEN MINUTES* FOR HIM TO STOP.

I LISTEN TO HIS DEATH RATTLE.

PRETTY SOON NOW I'LL CALL THE GUARD.






P-A-Y
P-A-Y

I KNOW NOT WHAT COURSE OTHERS MAY TAKE BUT-AS FOR ME- GIVE ME LIBERTY OR GIVE ME DEATH

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